

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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ON THE WATER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

Now will the peak and valley shortly bloom,
The wind is souging through the treetops
gloom,

The woodhorn's clangor dies in evening red ;
I would be happy, but my heart is dead.

My friends are rowing swiftly from my sight,
The water's ripples sparkle in starlight,
The cittern sounds, in time the boatmen tread ;
I would be happy, but my heart is dead.

The moon is rising, louder comes the jest,
And songs are gushing out of every breast,
The wine glows in the goblet, dark and red ;
I would be happy, but my heart is dead.

And if my love should step from out her grave,
With all the joy that once to me she gave,
If she should say, what once to me she said, —
In vain ! For gone is gone, and dead is dead.

W. P. A.

DAISIES.

How bare the garden borders lie
Beneath a changeful, dappled sky !

The snow has passed away ;
But sudden gusts of sleet and rain
Beat hard against the window-pane,
This February day.

Yet in the pauses of the storm
The mellow sunshine flickers warm
On mossy garden ways ;
The thrush we fed the winter long
Pours forth at intervals his song
Of love and lengthening days.

The plot of freshening grassy sward,
In all its length is thickly starred
With daisies gold and white,
That skyward lift, in fearless grace,
Through sun and shower each smiling face,
With equable delight.

They crave not culture's cunning care,
But blossom brightly everywhere,
With spring's first breeze and beam ;
Coeval with the thrushes' song,
They bloom the sunny summer long,
By meadow, lawn, and stream.

We tread them down with hasty feet,
To pull some fairer blossom, sweet
With coveted perfume ;
But from the pressure rough and rude
They gaily spring, afresh endued
With honest, hopeful bloom.

They mind us in their silent way,
Of love that blesses every day
Our pathway on the earth ;
Of love that wakes while calm we sleep,
Of love that aches whene'er we weep,
Yet counted little worth.

Of love we trample down to reach
A lighter love, that will but teach
Our hearts a dreadful care ;
Of love that springs, as daisies do,
Forever strong, forever new,
In rapture or despair.

They mind us in their humble guise
Of homely duties that arise
In every human life ;
We tread these lowly duties down,
And grasp at shadowy flowers to crown
A vain ideal strife.

Yet in each path, like daisies set,
These humbler duties still are met ;
God guide our feeble will !
That when our wild ambitions fade,
We, turning humbly to the shade,
May find our daisies still.

All The Year Round.

ON HEARING A LARK IN JANUARY.

THE snow had hardly melted from the field ;
In rifts the dull grey sky had changed to
blue ;
And the cold sun came slowly struggling
thro',
With yellow lustre, like great golden shield.

Up sprang a lark, blithe in the air to yield
His tribute thankful ; up and up he flew,
And poured his notes, as tho' they would
renew
The promise of soft summer soon revealed.

Oh, bird of faith and meek content, I draw
A lesson from thy song so piercing sweet,
And would with thee rise to the blissful law.

Up would I spring in shining moments too,
And sing between the showers. Some lag-
ging feet
With song may swifter move their work to do.
Good Words. J. A. P.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE from the Berlin
Kladderadatsch.

THE SECRET OF THE WAVES.

ONCE sunk 'neath waves that sever,
Still rest the fair and brave ;
Pillowed to sleep forever
Deep in their watery grave.

The sea will naught deliver
Of all its depths once hid,
In that green hall closed ever
Lies the great coffin's lid.

Wake not the dead with wailing,
Their soft, sound sleep is best ;
We long for rest unfailing
And — silence is the rest !

W. P. A.

From The Nineteenth Century.
PROBABILITY AS THE GUIDE OF CONDUCT.

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE doctrine of Bishop Butler, in the introduction to his "Analogy," with regard to probable evidence, lies at the root of his entire argument; for by the analogy which he seeks to establish between natural religion and that which is revealed, he does not pretend to supply a demonstrative proof of Christianity, but only such a kind and such an amount of presumptions in its favor as to bind human beings at the least to take its claims into their serious consideration. This, he urges, they must do, provided only they mean to act with regard to it upon those principles, which, in all other matters, are regarded as the principles of common sense. It is therefore essential to his purpose to show what are the obligations which, as inferred from the universal practice of men, probable or presumptive evidence may entail.

But indeed the subject-matter of this introduction has yet a far wider scope. It embraces the rule of just proceeding, not only in regard to the examination of the pretensions of Christianity, but also in regard to the whole conduct of life. The former question, great as it is, has no practical existence for the vast majority, whether of the Christian world, or of the world beyond the precinct of the Christian profession. It is only relevant and material (except as an exercise of sound philosophy) to three descriptions of persons; those whom the gospel for the first time solicits; those who have fallen away from it; and those who are in doubt concerning its foundation. Again, there are portions of these classes, to whose states of mind other modes of address may be more suitable. But every Christian, and indeed every man owning any kind of moral obligation, who may once enter upon any speculation concerning the grounds which lead men to act, or to refrain from acting, is concerned in the highest degree with the subject that Bishop Butler has opened incidentally for the sake of its relation to his own immediate purpose.

The proposition of Bishop Butler, that probability is the guide of life, is not one invented for the purposes of his argument,

nor held by believers alone. Voltaire has used nearly the same words:—

Presque toute la vie humaine roule sur des probabilités. Tout ce qui n'est pas démontré aux yeux, ou reconnu pour vrai par les parties évidemment intéressées à le nier, n'est tout au plus que probable. . . . L'incertitude étant presque toujours le partage de l'homme, vous vous détermineriez très-rarement, si vous attendiez une démonstration. Cependant il faut prendre un parti: et il ne faut pas le prendre au hasard. Il est donc nécessaire à notre nature faible, aveugle, toujours sujette à l'erreur, d'étudier les probabilités avec autant de soin, que nous apprenons l'arithmétique et la géométrie.

Voltaire wrote this passage in an essay, not on religion, but on judicial inquiries: * and the statement of principle which it propounds is perhaps on that account even the more valuable.

If we consider subjectively the reasons, upon which our judgments rest, and the motives of our practical intentions, it may in strictness be said that absolutely in no case have we more than probable evidence to proceed upon; since there is always room for the entrance of error in that last operation of the percipient faculties of men, by which the objective becomes subjective; an operation antecedent, of necessity, not only to action or decision upon acting, but to the stage at which the perception becomes what is sometimes called a "state of consciousness." †

But, setting aside this consideration, and speaking only of what is objectively presented as it is in itself, a very small portion indeed of the subject-matter of practice is or can be of a demonstrative, or necessary, character. Moral action is conversant almost wholly with probable evidence. So that a right understanding of the proper modes of dealing with it is the foundation of all ethical studies. Without this, it must either be dry and barren dogmatism, or else a mass of floating quicksands. Duty may indeed be done, without having been studied in the abstract; but, if it is to be studied, it must be studied under its true laws and conditions as a science.

* "Essai sur les probabilités en fait de Justice." — Works (4to, Geneva 1777), vol. xxvi., p. 457.

† *Nineteenth Century*, *supra*, pp. 606-7.

Now, probability is the nearly universal form or condition, under which these laws are applied: and therefore a sound view of it is not indeed ethical knowledge itself, but is the *organon*, by means of which it is to be rightly handled. He who by his writings both teaches and inures men to the methods of handling probable or imperfect evidence, gives them exercise, and by exercise strength, in the most important of all those rules of daily life which are connected with the intellectual habits.

Different forms of error concerning probable evidence have produced in some cases moral laxity, in others scrupulosity, in others unbelief.

To begin with the last named of these. It is a common form of fallacy to suppose that imperfect evidence cannot be the foundation of an obligation to religious belief, inasmuch as belief, although in its infancy it may fall short of intellectual conviction, tends towards that character in its growth and attains it when mature. Sometimes, indeed, it is assumed by the controversialist, that belief, if genuine, is essentially absolute. And it is taken to be a violation of the laws of the human mind that proofs which do not exclude doubt should be held to warrant a persuasion which does or may exclude it. Indeed, the celebrated argument of Hume, against the credibility of the miracles, involved the latent assumption that we have a right to claim demonstrative evidence for every proposition which demands our assent. From this assumption it proceeds to deny a demonstrative character to any proofs, except those supplied by our own experience. And the answer, which Paley has made to it, rests upon the proposition that the testimony adduced is such as, according to the common judgment and practice of men, it is rational to believe, while he passes by without notice the question of its title to the rank of speculative certainty.

Next, with regard to the danger of scrupulosity. This has perhaps been less conspicuous in philosophical systems, than in its effect on the practical conduct of life by individuals. There are persons, certainly not among the well-trained and well-informed, who would attach a suspicion of

dishonesty to any doctrine, which should give a warrant to acts of moral choice upon evidence admitted to be less than certain. Their disposition is deserving of respect, when it takes its rise from that simple unsuspecting confidence in the strength and clearness of truth, which habitual obedience engenders. It is less so when we see in it a timidity of mind, which shrinks from measuring the whole extent of the charge that it has pleased God to lay upon us as moral agents, and will not tread, even in the path of duty, upon any ground that yields beneath the pressure of the foot. The desire for certainty, in this form, enervates and unmans the character. Persons so affected can scarcely either search for duties to be done, or accept them when offered, and almost forced upon their notice. As a speculative system, this tendency has appeared among some casuists of the Church of Rome, and has been condemned by Pope Innocent XI.

The position of many among her divines with reference to the danger of moral laxity opens much graver questions. The "Provincial Letters" of Pascal gave an universal notoriety to the doctrine of probabilism. Setting apart the extremes to which it has been carried by individuals, we may safely take the representation of it, as it is supplied in a manual published for the use of the French clergy of the present day. According to this work, it is allowable, in matters of moral conduct, that if of two opposite opinions, each one be sustained not by a slight but a solid probability, and if the probability of the one be admittedly more solid than that of the other, we may follow our natural liberty of choice by acting upon the less probable. This doctrine, we are informed, had been taught, before 1667, by one hundred and fifty-nine authors of the Roman Church, and by multitudes since that date. It appears to stand in the most formal contradiction to the sentiments of Bishop Butler, who lays it down without hesitation that the lowest presumption, if not neutralized by a similar presumption on the opposite side, and the smallest real and clear excess of presumption on the one side over the presumptions on the other side, determines the reason in matters of

speculation, and absolutely binds conduct in matter of practice.

Such being the scope of the subject, and such the dangers to which it stands related, let us now proceed to its examination.

First we have to inquire, what is probability? Probability may be predicated whenever, in answer to the question whether a particular proposition be true, the affirmative chances predominate over the negative, yet not so as (virtually) to exclude doubt. And, on the other hand, improbability may be predicated, whenever the negative chances predominate over the affirmative, but subject to the same reservation that doubt be not precluded. For, if doubt be precluded, then certainty, affirmatively or negatively, as the case may be, must be predicated. In mathematical language, certainly, affirmative or negative is the limit of probability on the one side, and of improbability on the other, as the circle is of the ellipse.*

But the sphere of probability, according to Bishop Butler, includes not only truths but events, past and future: and it like-

* The relations of probabilities among themselves may be most clearly expressed by mathematical symbols. Let a represent the affirmative side of the proposition to be tried, b the negative, and let the evidence be exactly balanced between them. Then

$$a : b :: 1 : 1, \therefore \frac{a}{b} = 1.$$

Let the evidence so preponderate on the affirmative side that out of one hundred and one cases presenting the same phenomena, in one hundred it would be true. Thus the expression is

$$a : b :: 100 : 1, \therefore \frac{a}{b} = \frac{100}{1} = 100.$$

Again, let the evidence be such that out of one hundred and one cases presenting similar phenomena, in one hundred the proposition would turn out to be false: then the expression becomes

$$a : b :: 1 : 100, \therefore \frac{a}{b} = \frac{1}{100}.$$

And it is clear that—

1. When the second side of this equation consists of an integer or an improper fraction, the proposition is probable.

2. As the numerator becomes indefinitely great it represents probability approaching towards certainty. This it never can adequately express: but no fixed limit can be placed upon the advances which may be made towards it.

3. When the second side of this equation consists of a proper fraction, the proposition is improbable.

4. As the denominator becomes indefinitely great, it represents improbability approaching towards negative certainty, or, as it is sometimes, perhaps improperly, called, impossibility.

wise comprehends questions of conduct, which may be said to form a class apart, both from truths and from events: whereas the definition here given turns simply upon the preponderance of chances for the truth or falsehood of a proposition. How shall we broaden that definition?

The answer is that truths, events past and future, and questions of conduct, may all be accurately reduced into the form of propositions true or false, by the use of their respective symbols: for the first, the symbol *is*; for the second, *has been* or *will be*; and for the third, *ought to be*. In one or other of these forms, every conceivable proposition can be tried in respect to its probability.

It is necessary also to observe upon an ambiguity in the use of the term probable. It has been defined in the sense in which it is opposed to the term improbable; but, in a discussion on the character of probable evidence, probable and improbable propositions are alike included. When, for this purpose, we are asked what does probability designate, the answer is, that which may or may not be. We have no word exclusively appropriated to this use.

In the Greek, Aristotle conveniently designates it $\tau\omicron \nu\delta\epsilon\chi\omicron\mu\epsilon\nu\omicron\nu \acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\omega\varsigma \epsilon\chi\epsilon\iota\nu$, as opposed to $\tau\omicron \nu \acute{\alpha}\delta\upsilon\nu\alpha\tau\omicron\nu \acute{\alpha}\lambda\lambda\omega\varsigma \epsilon\chi\epsilon\iota\nu$. Sometimes this is called contingent, as distinguished from necessary, matter; and safely so called, if it be always borne in mind that we are dealing with propositions, with certain instruments supplied by human language, and adapted to our thoughts, but not with things as they are in themselves; that the same thing may be subjectively contingent and objectively certain, as, for example, the question whether such a person as Homer has existed: which to us is a subject of probable inquiry, but in itself is manifestly of necessary matter, whether the proposition be true or false. So, again, in speaking of future events, to call them contingent in any sense except with regard to the propositions in which we discuss them, is no less an error; because, whether upon the Christian or the necessitarian hypothesis, future events are manifestly certain and not contingent; it remaining as a separate question whether they are so fixed by necessity or as the

offspring of free volition. It may be enough, then, for the present to observe that the "probable evidence" of Bishop Butler reaches over the whole sphere, of which it is common to speak as that of contingent matter; and that the element of uncertainty involved in the phrase concerns not the things themselves that are in question, but only the imperfection of the present means of conveying them to us. To the view of the Most High God, who knows all things, there is no probability and no contingency, but "all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him, with whom we have to do."

In his case, and in every case of knowledge properly and strictly so called, the existence of the thing known is perceived without the intervention of any medium of proof. But evidence is, according to our use of the term, essentially intermediate; something apart both from the percipient and the thing perceived, and serving to substantiate to the former, in one degree or another, the existence of the latter. Thus we speak of the evidence of the senses, meaning those impressions upon our bodily organs which are made by objects visible, audible, and the like. These respectively make, as it were, their assertions to us; which we cross-examine by reflection, and by comparison of the several testimonies affecting the same object. And, with regard to things incorporeal, in the sphere of the probable, it seems that, in like manner, the impressions they produce upon our mental faculties, acting without the agency of sense, are also strictly in the nature of evidence, of presumption more or less near to demonstration, concerning the reality of what they represent, but subject to a similar process of verification and correction.

The whole notion, therefore, of evidence seems to belong essentially to a being of limited powers. For no evidence can prove anything except what exists, and all that exists may be the object of direct perception. The necessity of reaching our end through the circuitous process implies our want of power to go straight to the mark.

And it further appears that the same idea implies not only the limitation of range in the powers of the being who makes use of evidence, but likewise their imperfection even in the processes which they are competent to perform. The assurance possessed by such a being cannot be of the highest order, which the laws of the spiritual creation, so far as they are known to us, would admit. However truly it may

be adequate, and even abundant, to sustain his mind in any particular conviction, it must be inferior to science in its proper signification, that of simple or absolute knowledge, which is the certain and exact, and also conscious coincidence of the intuitive faculty with its proper object. For it is scarcely conceivable that any accumulation of proofs, each in itself short of demonstration, and therefore including materials of unequal degrees of solidity, should, when put together, form a whole absolutely and entirely equivalent to the single homogeneous act of pure knowledge.

The same conclusion, that imperfection pervades all our mental processes, at which we have arrived by a consideration of their nature, we may also draw from the nature of the faculties by which they are conducted. For there is no one faculty of any living man of which, speaking in the sense of pure and rigid abstraction, we are entitled to say that it is infallible in any one of its acts. And no combination of fallibles can, speaking always in the same strictness, make up an infallible; however by their independent coincidence they may approximate towards it, and may produce a result which is for us indistinguishable from, and practically, therefore, equivalent to, it.

Certainly that, which is fallible, does not therefore always err. It may, in any given case, perform its duty perfectly, and as though it were infallible. The fallibility of our faculties therefore may not prevent our having knowledge that in itself is absolute. But it prevents our separating what may be had with such knowledge from what we grasp with a hold less firm. In any survey, or classification, of what we have perceived, or concluded, since the faculty which discriminates is fallible, the reservations, which its imperfection requires, must attach to the results we attain by it. So that, although we might have this knowledge, if we consider knowledge simply as the exact coincidence of the percipient faculty with its proper object, we could not make ourselves conscious of the real rank of that knowledge in a given case; we could not know what things they are that we thus know, nor consequently could we argue from them as known.

Since, then, nothing can be known except what exists, nor *known* otherwise than in the exact manner in which it exists, knowledge, in its scientific sense, can only be predicated — first, of perceptions which are absolutely and exactly true, and

secondly, *by* a mind which in the same sense knows them to be absolutely and exactly true. It seems to follow, that it is only by a license of speech that the term knowledge can be predicated by us as to any of our perceptions. Assuming that our faculties, acting faithfully, are capable in certain cases of conveying to us scientific knowledge, still no part of what is so conveyed can stand in review before our consciousness with the certain indefectible marks of what it is. And since there is no one of them, with regard to which it is abstractedly impossible that the thing it represents should be otherwise than as it is represented, we cannot, except by such license of speech as aforesaid, categorically predicate of any one of them that precise correspondence of the percipient faculty with the thing perceived, which constitutes knowledge pure and simple.

It is desirable that we should fully realize this truth, in order that we may appreciate the breadth and solidity of the ground on which Bishop Butler has founded his doctrine of probable evidence. We ought to perceive that, observing his characteristic caution, he has kept within limits narrower than the ground which the laws of the human mind, viewed through a medium purely abstract, would have allowed him to occupy. His habit was to encamp near to the region of practice in all his philosophical inquiries; to appease, and thus to reclaim, the contemptuous infidelity of his age. A rigid statement of the whole case concerning our knowledge would probably have startled those whom he sought to attract, and have given them a pretext for retreating, at the very threshold, from the inquiry to which he invited them. Considerations of this kind are, indeed, applicable very generally to the form, in which Bishop Butler has propounded his profound truths for popular acceptance. But it is manifest that, if he even understated the case with regard to probable evidence, his argument is corroborated by taking into view all that residue of it, which he did not directly put into requisition. He was engaged in an endeavor to show to those, who demanded an absolute certainty in the proofs of religion, that this demand was unreasonable; and the method he pursued in this demonstration was, to point out to them how much of their own daily conduct was palpably and rightly founded upon evidence less than certain. The unreasonableness of such a demand becomes still more glaring in the eyes of persons not under adverse prepossession, when we find by

reflection that no one of our convictions or perceptions, can in strictness be declared to possess the character of scientific knowledge. Because, if such be the case, we cannot rebut this consequence: that, even if a demonstration intrinsically perfect were presented to us, the possibility of error would still exist in the one link remaining; namely, that subjective process of our faculties by which it has to be appropriated. This (so to speak) primordial element of uncertainty never could be eliminated, except by the gift of inerrability to the individual mind. But such a gift would amount to a fundamental change in the laws of our nature. And again, such a change would obviously dislocate the entire conditions of the inquiry before us, which appears to turn upon the credibility of revealed religion as it is illustrated by its suitability to—what? not to an imaginable and unrealized, but to the actual, experienced condition of things.

To the conclusion that scientific knowledge can never be consciously entertained by the individual mind, it is no answer, nor any valid objection, to urge that such a doctrine unsettles the only secure foundation on which we can build, destroys mental repose, and threatens confusion. For, even if a great and grievous fault in the condition of the world were thus to be exposed, we are not concerned here with the question whether our state is one of abstract excellence, but simply with the facts of it such as they are. We cannot enter into the question whether it is abstractedly best that our faculties should be liable to error. That is one of the original conditions, under which we live. No objection can be drawn from it to an argument in favor of revelation, unless it can be shown either, first, that, on account of liability to error, they become practically useless for the business of inquiring, or else, secondly, that the materials to be examined in the case of revelation are not so fairly cognizable by them as the materials of other examinations, which, by the common judgment and practice of mankind, they are found to be competent to conduct and determine.

But the state of things around us amply shows that this want of scientific certainty is in point of fact no reproach to our condition, no practical defect in it. Rather, it is a law, which associates harmoniously with the remainder of its laws. The nature of our intelligence, it is evident, makes no demand for such assurance; because we are not capable of

receiving it. Nay, we cannot so much as arrive at the notion of it, without an effort of abstraction. Our moral condition appears still less to crave anything of the kind. If we allow that sin is in the world (no matter, for the purpose of this argument, how it came there), and that we are placed under the dominion of a moral governor who seeks by discipline to improve his creatures, it is not difficult to give reasons in support of the proposition that intellectual inerrability is not suited to such a state. One such reason we may find in the recollection that the moral training of an inferior by a superior either essentially involves, or at the least suitably admits of, the element of trust. Now the region of probable evidence is that which gives to such an element the freest scope; because trust in another serves to supply, within due limits, the shortcomings of direct argumentative proof; and when such proof is ample, but at the same time deals with materials which we are not morally advanced enough to appreciate, trust (as in the case of a child before its parents) fulfils for us a function, which could not otherwise be discharged at all. I must not, however, attempt to discuss, at any rate on the present occasion, the subject, a wide and deep subject, of the shares, and mutual relations of intellectual and moral forces in the work of attaining truth.

Passing on, then, from the subject of scientific certainty, let us observe that the region next below this, to which all the propositions entertained in the human mind belong, is divided principally into two parts. The higher of these is that of what is commonly called *necessary* matter: and certainty would, in its ordinary sense, be predicated of all that lies within its range. That is to say, certainty with a relation to our nature: a certainty subjectively not defective: a certainty which fixes our perceptions, conclusions, or convictions, in such a frame as to render them immovable: a certainty not merely which is unattended with doubt, but which excludes doubt, which leaves no available room for its being speculatively entertained, which makes it on the whole irrational. With this certainty we hold that bodies fall by the force of gravity; that air is rarefied at great altitudes; that the limit of human age established by all modern experience is not very greatly beyond a century; that the filial relation entails a duty of obedience. The certainty repudiated in the antecedent argument is

only that of the stoical "perception." In the words of the academical philosophy, "*Nihil est enim aliud, quamobrem nihil percipi mihi posse videatur, nisi quod percipiendi vis ita definitur a stoicis, ut negint quidquam posse percipi, nisi tale verum, quale falsum esse non possit.*"* But certainty of an order so high, as to make doubt plainly irrational, applies to various classes of our ideas.

This is the region of the *ἐπιστηδὸν* of Aristotle,† and the faculties employed in it are chiefly, according to him, *νοῦς*‡ for principles, *ἐπιστήμη* for inferences from them. It has been defined as the region of the *Vernunft* in the modern German philosophy, as the reason by Coleridge. It seems to be largely recognized by the most famous schools of the ancients. It contains both simple ideas, and demonstrations from them. It embraces moral, as well as other metaphysical, entities. It had no place in the philosophy of Locke. As regards the distinction of faculty between reason and understanding, *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, I am not inculcating an opinion of my own, but simply stating one which is widely current.

The lower department is that in which doubt has its proper place, and in which the work of the understanding is to compare and to distinguish; to elicit approximations to unity from a multitude of particulars, and to certainty from a combination and equipoise of presumptions. It is taken to be the province of all those faculties, or habits, of which Aristotle treats under the several designations of *φρόνησις*, *τέχνη*, *εὐβουλία*, *σύνεσις*, *γνώμη*, and others;§ of the *Verstand* of the Germans, of the understanding according to Coleridge. It embraces multitudes of questions of speculation, and almost all questions of practice. Of speculation: as, for example, what are the due definitions of cases in which verbal untruth may be a duty, or in which it is right to appropriate a neighbor's goods. Of practice, because every question of practice is embedded in details: if, for example, we admit that it is right to give alms, we have to decide whether the object is good, and whether we can afford the sum. Because, even where the principles are ever so absolute, simple, and unconditioned, they can rarely be followed to conclusions, either in theory or practice, without taking into view many particulars, with various natures, and vari-

* Cic. *De Fin.* v. 26.

† *Eth. Nicom.* vi. 3, 2.

‡ *Ibid.*, vi. 6, 2.

§ *Eth. Nicom.* b. vi. 4, 5, 9, 20, 12.

ous degrees, of evidence. This is the region of probable evidence.

The highest works achieved in it are those, in which the combinations it requires are so rapid and so perfect, that they are seen, like a wheel in very rapid revolution, as undivided wholes, not as assemblages of parts; in a word that they resemble the objects of intuition. Towards this, at the one end of the scale, there may be indefinite approximation: and below these, there are innumerable descending degrees of evidence, down to that in which the presumption of truth in any given proposition is so faint as to be scarcely perceptible.

From what has now been said, it is manifest that the province of probable evidence, thus marked off, is a very wide one. But, in fact, it is still wider than it appears to be. For many truths, which are the objects of intuition to a well-cultivated mind of extended scope, are by no means such to one of an inferior order, or of a less advanced discipline. By such, they can only be reached through circuitous processes of a discursive nature, if at all. In point of fact there appear to be many, who have scarcely any clear intuitions, any perceptions of truths as absolute, self-dependent, and unchanging. If so, then not only all the detailed or concrete questions of life and practice, to which the idea of duty is immediately applicable, for all minds, but likewise the entire operations of some minds, are situated in the region of probable evidence.

The tastes of many, and the understandings of some, will suggest that this qualified mode of statement is disparaging to the dignity of conclusions belonging to religion and to duty. But let not the suggestion be hastily entertained. It is in this field that moral elements most largely enter into the reasonings of men, and the discussion of their legitimate place in such reasonings has already been waived. For the present let it suffice to bear in mind that there is no limit to the strength of working, as distinguished from abstract certainty, to which probable evidence may not lead us along its gently ascending paths.

There is, therefore, a kind of knowledge of which we are incapable: namely, that which necessarily implies the existence of an exactly corresponding object.

There is a kind of knowledge, less properly so called, which makes doubt irrational, and which may often be predicated in a particular case, whether it be by an act of intuition, or by a process of demonstration.

There is, thirdly, a kind of mental assent, to which also in common speech, but yet less properly, the name of knowledge is frequently applied. It is generically inferior to knowledge, but approaches and even touches it at points where the evidence on which it rests is in its highest degrees of force: descending below this to that point of the scale at which positive and negative presumptions are of equal weight and the mind is neutral. There is a possibility that the very same subject-matter which at one time lies, for a particular person, in the lower of these regions, may at another time reside in the higher.

The mode in which the understanding performs its work is by bringing together things that are like, and by separating things that are unlike. To this belong its various processes of induction and discourse, of abstraction and generalization, and the rest. Therefore Bishop Butler teaches that the chief element of probability is that which is expressed "in the word likely, *i.e.* like some truth or true event."

The form of assent, which belongs to the result of these processes, may properly be termed belief. It is bounded, so to speak, by knowledge on the one hand where it becomes not only plenary, so as to exclude doubt, but absolute and self-dependent, so as not to rest upon any support extrinsic to the object. It is similarly bounded on the other side by mere opinion; where the matter is very disputable, the presumptions faint and few, or the impression received by a slight process and (as it were) at haphazard, without an examination proportioned to the nature of the object and of the faculties concerned. Of course no reference is here made to the case in which, by a modest or lax form of common speech, opinion is used as synonymous with judgment. Opinion, as it has now been introduced, corresponds with the *doxa* of the Greeks: and approaches to the signification in which it is used by St. Augustine, who, after commending those who know, and those who rightly inquire, proceeds to say, "*Tria sunt alia hominum genera, profecto improbanda ac detestanda. Unum est opinantium; id est eorum, qui se arbitrantur scire quod nesciunt.*"*

It may indeed, or may not, be convenient to attach † the name of belief to such judgments as are formed where some living or moral agent, and his qualities, enter

* S. Aug. *De Utilitate Credendi*, c. xi.

† With Bishop Pearson. On the Creed, Art. I., sect. 1.

Into the medium of proof; inasmuch as in such cases there is a power to assume false appearances which complicates the case: and inasmuch as the process must be double, first to establish the general credibility of the person, then to receive his particular testimony. This seems, however, more properly to bear the name of faith, with which belief is indeed identical in the science of theology, but not in common speech. For faith involves the element of trust, which essentially requires a moral agent for its object. Apart from any technical sense which the word may have acquired in theology, and more at large, human language warrants and requires our applying the name of belief to all assent which is given to propositions founded upon probable evidence.

If, then, it be allowable, and it is not only allowable but inevitable, to collect the laws of the human intelligence by the observation of its processes, which in fact grows to be an induction from universal practice, it is manifest that we are so constituted as to yield assent to propositions having various kinds and degrees of evidence. We agree to some as immediate and (to our apprehensions) necessary: to some as necessary but not immediate: to some as originally neither necessary nor immediate, but as presenting subsequently a certainty and solidity not distinguishable from that which appertains to the former classes. Again, we yield our assent to others of a different class, which falls into sub-classes. These have various degrees of likelihood in subject-matter infinitely diversified; some of them so high as to exclude doubt, some admitting yet greatly outweighing it by positive evidence, some nearly balanced between the affirmative and the negative: but in all cases with a preponderance on the former side. All these are formed to attract legitimate assent, according to the laws of our intellectual constitution; which has universal truth for its object, and affirmation and rejection for its office. With other processes, such as assent given under blind prejudice against probability, or purely arbitrary conjecture, or the quasi truths of the imagination, we have in this place nothing to do.

The doctrine, that we are bound by the laws of our nature to follow probable truth, rests upon the most secure of all grounds for practical purposes, if indeed the consent which accepts it is in truth so widely spread in the usual doings of mankind, that it may well be termed universal. The very circumstance that there are ex-

ceptions confirms the rule, provided it may be maintained that the exceptions are of a certain kind. For instance, if there be a practice invariably followed by those who are known to be wise in kindred subject-matter, it is very doubtful whether this can be said to derive any positive confirmation from the concurrent course of those who are known to be of an opposite character. Again, if there be an universal agreement concerning any proposition among those who have no sinister bias, the fact that others who are known to have such a bias differ from them does not impair their authority, but even appears rather to constitute an additional evidence of its being in the right. Now this is exactly the kind of consent, which may justly be said to obtain among men with regard to the following of probable truth. For every one acts upon affirmative evidence, however inferior to certainty, unless he be either extremely deficient in common understanding, or so biassed the other way by his desires as to be incapable of an upright view of the case before him. Even the last-named class of excepted instances would generally take the form rather of an inability under the circumstances to perceive the evidence, than of a denial of its authority.

But the doctrine itself appears to be as irrefragably established in theoretic reasoning, as it is in the practice of mankind. We may, however, distinguish those propositions which are abstract, from such as entail any direct consequences in our conduct. With regard to the former, suspension of judgment is allowable in all cases where serious doubt appears before examination, or remains after it. Whether Rome was built seven hundred and fifty-three years before our Lord, whether King Charles the First wrote the "Eikon Basilike," whether Caligula made his horse a consul, whether St. Paul visited Britain,—these are questions which present no such evidence as to bind our judgment either way, and any decision we may form about them has no bearing on our conduct. But to doubt whether the empire of the Cæsars existed, or whether King Charles was beheaded, or perhaps whether he said "remember" to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold, or whether Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel,—this, after the question had once been presented fairly to our minds, would be a violation of the laws of our intellectual nature. It would be in any case a folly, and it would even be a sin if moral elements were involved in the

judgment, for instance if the disbelief arose from a spirit of opposition and self-reliance, predisposing us unfavorably to conclusions that others have established, and that have obtained general acceptance.

At the least, I say, it would be a violation of the law of our intellectual nature, if the one obligation of that nature is to recognize truth wheresoever it is fallen in with, and to assent to it. The effect of the obligation cannot be confined to cases of immediate or intuitive knowledge. For in the first place this would be to cast off the chief subject-matter of our understanding or discursive faculty. If we admit the current definition of the term, it would even be to leave all that organ, in which the mind chiefly energizes, without an office, and therefore without a lawful place in our nature. But, in the second place, let us observe how the denial of all assent to probable conclusions will comport with our general obligations. A great mass of facts from some history are before us. There may be error here and there in particulars, but their general truth is unquestioned; and upon a given point, taken at random, the chances are probably a hundred to one or more that it is true. Of two persons with a hundred such facts, independent of one another, before him, one, acting upon the ordinary rule, receives them; and he has the truth in ninety-nine cases conjoined with error in one: the other has neither the one error, nor the ninety-nine truths; his understanding has refused its work, and lost its reward in the ninety-nine cases, for fear of the failure in the one. And further we are to remember that the error in the one is material only, not formal. It has not of necessity any poisonous quality. It is more like a small portion of simply innutritious food received along with the mass of what is wholesome. The case has indeed here been put upon the hypothesis of very high probability. What shall we say to propositions, of which the evidence is less certain? The answer is, that no line can be drawn in abstract argument between them: that the obligation which attaches to the former attaches to the latter: that it must subsist, so long as there remains any preponderance of affirmative evidence, which is real, and of such a magnitude as to be appreciable by our faculties. But at the same time, although this be true in the cases where it is necessary for us to conclude one way or the other, it is not applicable to the multitude of cases where no such necessity exists. Sometimes a total suspension of judgment, sometimes a provis-

ional assent, consciously subject to future correction upon enlarged experience, are the remedies offered to our need, and very extended indeed is their scope and use with prudent minds. Of course it remains true that the understanding, when it has to choose the objects of its own activity, may justly select those on which a competent certainty is attainable, instead of stimulating a frivolous and barren curiosity by employing itself on matters incapable of satisfactory determination by such means as are ordinarily at our command.

Whether, then, we look to the constitution of our nature, and the *ὁρμή* provided for it to work upon, together with the inference arising from the combined view of the two; or whether we regard the actual results as realized in the possession of truth; we find it to be a maxim sustained by theory, as well as by the general consent and practice of men, that the mind is not to be debarred from assent to a proposition with which it may have cause to deal, on account of the circumstance that the evidence for it is short of that which is commonly called certain; and that to act upon an opposite principle would be to contravene the law of our intellectual nature.

But now let us deal, so far as justly belongs to the purpose of this paper, with that part of the subject-matter of human inquiry where moral ingredients are essentially involved. For hitherto we have spoken only of such kind of obligation as may attach to geometrical investigations, in which usually the will has no concern either one way or the other.

With regard to moral science properly so styled, whether it be conversant with principles, when it is called ethical, or whether it be concerned with their application to particulars, when it becomes casuistry, although the whole of it is practical, as it aims to fix the practical judgments and the conduct of all men, yet obviously the whole cannot be said to be practical in regard to each individual. For the experience of one person will only raise a part, perhaps a very small part, of the questions which it involves. So far, then, as moral inquiries properly belong to science and not to life, they are pursued in the abstract, and they are subject to the general laws of intellectual inquiry which have already been considered; only with this difference, that our judgments in them are much more likely to be influenced by the state of our affections and the tenor of our lives, by our conformity to, or alienation from, the will of God, than where the

matter of the propositions themselves had no relation to human conduct.

But, for the government of life, all men, though in various degrees, require to be supplied with certain practical judgments. For there is no breathing man, to whom the alternatives of right and wrong are not continually present. To one they are less, perhaps infinitely less, complicated than to another; but they pervade the whole tissue of every human life. In order to meet these, we must be supplied with certain practical judgments. It matters not that there may have existed particular persons, as children, for instance, who have never entertained these judgments in the abstract at all; nor that many act blindly, and at haphazard, which is simply a contempt of duty; nor that there may be another class, into whose compositions by long use some of them are so ingrained that they operate with the rapidity and certainty of instinct. Setting these aside, it remains true of all persons of developed understanding that there are many questions bearing on practice, with regard to which, in order to discharge their duty rightly, they must have conclusions, and these not necessarily numerous in every case, but in every case of essential importance, so that they may be termed "a savor of life unto life, or a savor of death unto death."

Now it is in this department that the argument for the obligation to follow probable evidence is of the greatest force and moment. It has been seen, how that obligation may be qualified or suspended in the pursuit of abstract truth; so much so, that even the contravention of it need not involve a breach of moral duty. But the case is very different when we deal with those portions of truth that supply the conditions of conduct. To avoid all detail which may dissipate the force of the main considerations is material. Let it therefore be observed that there is one proposition in which the whole matter, as it is relevant to human duty, may be summed up: that all our works alike, inward and outward, great and small, ought to be done in obedience to God. Now this is a proposition manifestly tendered to us by that system of religion which is called Christianity, and which purports to be a revelation of the divine will. It is the first and great commandment of the gospel, that we shall love God with the whole heart, and mind, and soul, and strength;* and whatsoever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God.† And as

every act is, *ceteris paribus*, determined, and is at the very least in all cases qualified, by its motive, this proposition concerning an universal obedience as the ground and rule of conduct, is of all propositions the one most practical, the one most urgently requiring affirmation or denial according as the evidence may be in favor of or against its truth.

We seem, then, to have arrived at this point: the evidences of religion relate to a matter not speculative, not in abstract matter, which we may examine or pass by according to our leisure. It is either true or false: this on all hands will be admitted. If it be false, we are justified in repudiating it, so soon as we have obtained proofs of its falsity, such as the constitution of our minds entitles us to admit in that behalf. But we are bound by the laws of our intellectual nature not to treat it as false before examination. In like manner, by the laws of our moral nature, which oblige us to adjust all our acts according to our sense of some standard of right and wrong, we are not less stringently bound to use every effort in coming to a conclusion one way or the other respecting it: inasmuch as it purports to supply us with the very and original standard to which that sense is to be referred, through a sufficient revelation of the will of God, both in its detail, and especially in that with which we are now concerned, the fundamental principle of a claim to unlimited obedience, admitting no exception and no qualification.

The maxim that Christianity is a matter not abstract, but referable throughout to human action, is not an important only, but a vital part of the demonstration, that we are bound by the laws of our nature to give a hearing to its claims. We shall therefore do well to substantiate it to our consciousness by some further mention of its particulars. Let us then recollect that we have not merely the general principle of doing all to the glory of God, declared by it in general terms: but this is illustrated by reference to the common actions of eating and drinking.* "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do," thus the passage runs, "let us do all to the glory of God." Now surely, one should have said, if any acts whatever could have been exempt from the demands of this comprehensive law, they should have been those functions of animal life, respecting which as to their substance we have no free choice, since they are among the absolute

* St. Mark xii. 30, St. Luke x. 27.

† St. Paul, 1 Cor. x. 31.

* St. Paul, 1 Cor. x. 31.

conditions of our physical existence. And by the unbeliever it might consistently be argued that, inasmuch as food and drink are thus necessary, it is impossible to conceive that any question relating to the different kinds of them (unless connected with their several aptitudes for maintaining life and health, which is not at all in the apostle's view) can be of any moral moment. But the allegation of Scripture is directly to a contrary effect: and apprises us that even such a matter as eating or refraining from meat, has a spiritual character.* "He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Not only where a special scruple may be raised by the facts of idol-worship; not only in the avoidance of pampered tastes and gross excesses; but in the simple act of taking food, the religious sense has a place. The maintenance of life, though it is a necessity, is also a duty and a blessing.

And to the same effect is the declaration of our Lord: "But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."† The "idle word" is perhaps the very slightest and earliest form of voluntary action. Consider the fertility of the mind, and the rapidity of its movements: how many thoughts pass over it without or against the will; how easily they find their way into the idle, that is, not the mischievous or ill-intended, but merely the unconsidered word. So lightly and easily is it born, that the very forms of ancient speech seem to designate it as if it were self-created, and not the offspring of a mental act,‡

* Ἀτρείδῃ, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων;

and as we say, "such and such an expression escaped him." Thus then it appears that, at the very first and lowest stage of scarcely voluntary action, the Almighty God puts in his claim. In this way he acquaints us that everything, in which our faculties can consciously be made ministers of good or evil, shall become a subject of reckoning, doubtless of just and fatherly reckoning, in the great account of the day of judgment.

Further, it appears that there are many acts, of which the external form must be the same, whether they are done by Chris-

tians, or by others; as for instance those very acts of satisfying hunger and thirst, of which we have spoken. If these, then, are capable, as has been shown, of being brought under the law of duty, a different character must attach to them in consequence; they must be influenced, if not intrinsically, yet at least in their relation to something else, by their being referred to that standard. The form of the deed, the thing done, the πράγμα, is perhaps, as we have seen, the same; but the action, the exercise of the mind in ordering or doing it, the πρᾶξις, is different. It differs, for example, in the motive of obedience; in the end, which is the glory of God; in the temper, which is that of trust, humility, and thankfulness. Accordingly, it appears that Christianity aims not only at adjusting our acts, but also our way of acting, to a certain standard; that it reduces the whole to a certain mental habit, and imbues and pervades the whole with a certain temper.

Not therefore at a venture, but with strict reason, the assertion has been made, that the question, whether Christianity be true or false, is the most practical of all questions: because it is that question of practice which encloses in itself, and implicitly determines, every other: it supplies the fundamental rule or principle (*Grundsatz*) of every decision in detail. And, consequently, it is of all other questions the one upon which those, who have not already a conclusion available for use, are most inexorably bound to seek for one. And, by further consequence, it is also the question to which the duty of following affirmative evidence, even although it should present to the mind no more than a probable character, and should not, *ab initio*, or even thereafter, extinguish doubt, has the closest and most stringent application.

Now the foregoing argument, it must be observed, includes and decides the question for what is commonly called the doctrinal part of the Christian religion; for those objective facts, which it lays as the foundation of its system, and which are set forth in the historical creeds of the Catholic Church. It is not necessary here to enter upon the inquiry how far the internal evidence about suitableness to our state, which the nature of those facts offers to us, may constitute a part or a proof of, or an objection to, the truth of the Christian revelation. I have not in any manner prejudged that question by the foregoing observations; I have shown its claims to nothing (where there is no con-

* Rom. xiv. 6.

† Matt. xii. 36.

‡ Iliad iv. 350.

viction already formed) but to a hearing and an adjudication. In those claims the doctrinal part of the revelation, that which is distinct from the law of duty, has a full and co-equal share with the moral part. The Christian system neither enjoins nor owns any severance between the two. Being inseparably associated, and resting upon the testimony of precisely the same witnesses, they on that account stand in precisely the same authoritative relation to our practice. Accordingly, when we accept or reject the Christian law of duty as such, we accept or reject also the system in which, and as a part of which, it is revealed. Whether we refer to the Scriptures, or to the collateral evidence of history and of the Church, we find it to be undeniable as a fact that Christianity purports to be not a system of moral teaching only, but, in vital union therewith, a system of revealed facts concerning the nature of God, and his dispensations towards mankind. Upon these facts moral teaching is to rest, and to these it is to be indissolubly attached. Thus the part of Christianity, called doctrinal, has that claim to enter into our affirmative or negative decision which belongs to a question strictly practical; and is one to which we inevitably must daily and hourly say aye or no by our actions, even if we have given no speculative reply upon it.

To point out more clearly this connection of the Christian dogma with practice, I may remark that the principal part of the matter of the Christian creeds is a declaration of the nature of God, who is the object of our faith: along with the main facts of that incarnation of our Lord, which is the appointed medium of our reunion with Deity. Subjoined hereto is simply a declaration of belief in the Church, as the society in which we claim membership with Christ, and with one another; in the baptism, whereby we find entrance into that society; and in the resurrection, which connects the present with the eternal kingdom of our Lord. It is no paradox to suggest that a religion, which purports to open the means of reunion with God, and to restore the eternal life which we have lost, by means of a spiritual process wrought upon us, should propound, as essential constituents of that process, a faith to be held concerning the nature and attributes of him whose image we are to bear; concerning the assumption of our nature by the Redeemer, which makes that image approachable and attainable; concerning the dispensation of time for forming our union with him; and the dispensation of

eternity, in which the union with him becomes consummate and imperishable. Christianity is the religion of the person of Christ; and the creeds only tell us from whom he came, and how he came and went, by what agent we are to be incorporated into him, and what is the manner of his appointed agency, and the seal of its accomplishment.

But there is a latent notion in the minds of some men, that a matter so important as Christianity ought to be presented with the fullest evidence: that it would be unworthy of it, and of its author, to suppose any revelation from him imperfectly attested. But, in the first place, such an objection is of no value whatever, unless it will carry us so far as to warrant our holding such language as the following: "Although there be, apart from this notion, a balance of evidence in favor of Christianity over anything urged against it, yet I will reject it, upon the ground that I consider it unworthy of the Almighty to propound anything for acceptance without demonstrative proofs of it made immediately accessible to us." Now who, that admits the general recognition of probable evidence in human practice, will think that the particular subject of the evidence of religion can be exempted from a law so comprehensive, on account of an assumption formed in an individual mind, and by no means having, or even pretending to have, anything like that general sanction from mankind, which belongs to the law that it proposes to supersede? We need not inquire into the piety, or even the decency, of setting up, under any circumstances, an opinion of our own upon the question what the Creator ought to have done, against a communication of what he has done; because such considerations scarcely belong to the present stage of this inquiry. The case now before us is that of setting up such an opinion, founded upon a measurement which has been made, by one or more individual minds, of the universal nature of things, without any support from the general sense of mankind, against what that general sense, and even the objectors themselves in other subject-matter, usually accept as a valid law for the discovery of truth; namely the law of probable evidence. Such a proceeding is plainly irrational. It offends against the laws of the general reason of our race.

But unless the objection can be carried to that point, it is worthless for the question at issue. For the matter to be examined is not whether the revelation is in all its accompaniments, or in all its particu-

lars, such as is thoroughly agreeable to us, exactly such as we approve, or such as we should have anticipated; but whether or not it be a revelation from God. According to the decision of this last-named question, it must be accepted or rejected; and there can be no reference to the prior topic, otherwise than as it may enter into the decision in what spirit we are to receive such a revelation when its proof has been supplied. Such considerations might conceivably diminish the satisfaction with which the gospel is acknowledged to be divine, and the cheerfulness with which it is accepted. This is indeed their legitimate scope when they shall have been proved, and nothing beyond this.

The case would indeed be different, if the nature of the difficulty were such, that the gospel was found to present contradictions to the moral law graven on the heart of man. There are undoubtedly principles so universally accepted and of such authority, that a demonstration of anything, be it what it may, which should overthrow them, would leave no firm resting-place in the human mind even for its own reception. It would break dawn the stays and pillars of all truth within us. But such is not the character of the objection we are now considering. It has not an universal acceptance. It does not relate to moral subject-matter. It is a condition laid down by some few of us as being in their view necessary to preserve a due dignity in that intellectual process, which is to be the avenue of the truth of God to the soul.

It is, however, perhaps not difficult to show that the objection is in itself ill-founded. In the first place: it can have no bearing upon the general authority of the law of probable evidence; which refers, not to the absolute magnitude of the propositions in question, but to the relative likelihood of the proof of an affirmative or a negative concerning them. The idea of proportion is equally applicable to all subject-matter however great or small. The law, therefore, of credibility has no more dependence upon the magnitude of the questions tried than have the numbers on the arithmetical scale, which calculate for moles and for mountains with exactly the same propriety. At either extremity, indeed, the nature of our faculties imposes a limit: practically numbers are bounded for us: we cannot employ them to count the sands of the seashore, nor again by any fraction can we express the infinitesimal segments, into which space is capable of being divided. And just so in the case before us. If the objection be that the

proportion of affirmative and negative evidence upon any given question approaches so nearly to equality as to be indistinguishable from it, and if, when the whole elements of the case are taken into view, this can be made good as their general result, the obligation of credibility may cease and determine.

But indeed the objection may even be inverted. When, as here, the matter in question is very great, the evil consequences of a contravention of the law of probability are enhanced. It is not necessary to maintain that any essential difference in the obligation to follow the apparent truth is thus produced: but it is manifest that the larger and more serious the anticipated results, the more natural and becoming, to say the least, is it for us to realize beforehand our position and duties with regard to the question, and by a more vivid consciousness to create an enhanced and more sharply defined sense of our responsibility. So that both the danger and the guilt of refusing to apply to the evidences of religion the same laws of investigation, which we obey in all other departments of inquiry and of action, are not mitigated, but aggravated, in the degree in which it may be shown that the matter at issue transcends in its importance all those which are ordinarily presented to us. Further. The most reasonable presumptions are positively adverse. If we admit that man by free will and a depraved affection fell away from God, which is the representation addressed to us by the gospel, nothing can be more consistent with it, than that he should be brought back to God by ways which give scope for the exercise of will and affection, and for their restoration, through exercise, to health. But surely it is plain that this scope is far more largely given, where the proof of revelation involves moral elements, and grows in force along with spiritual discernment, than if it had the rigor of a demonstration in geometry, of which the issue is accepted without any appeal, either to affection or volition, in the appreciation and acceptance of the steps of the process. And yet more specifically. If it be true that we are to be brought back, as the gospel says, by a divine training to the image of God, if that which is crooked is to be made straight, and that which is feeble strong, by the agency of a perfect on a fallen being, nothing can be more agreeable to our knowledge of our own state than the belief that such a process would be best conducted in the genial climate and atmosphere of a trustful mind;

that reliance or faith (always being reasonable reliance or faith) in another would greatly aid our weakness; that we should realize in the concrete divine qualities before we can comprehend them in the abstract. But this faith essentially involves the idea of what we have called probable evidence: for it is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" and "that which a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?"*

Moreover, it is necessary to comment upon the declaration of Bishop Butler, that in numberless instances a man is called upon to act against probability, and would be thought mad if he declined it. The meaning is, that we may be bound by duty, or led by prudence, in obedience to a more comprehensive computation of good and evil, of benefit and loss, to act in opposition to that particular likelihood which lies nearest at hand. To take an example in moral subject-matter. We are bound to avoid occasions of anger; and yet, for the vindication of truth, it may be a duty to enter into debates, which we know from experience will stir our passions more or less. If we look merely at the likelihood of that excitement, we ought to refrain: but if we look onwards to the purpose in view, it makes the other scale descend. Again, in a matter of worldly prudence. The merchant hears of a valuable natural product on the coast of Africa. The chances are estimated by him to be two to one against his finding it on the first attempt; but when he finds it, the gain will repay tenfold the expense of the voyage. It may be prudent in such a man to equip and send his vessel, though the likelihood of its failure be twofold greater than the chance of its success. So that cases, which apparently depart from the law of probability, do in fact only, when we include a greater range of calculation, illustrate its comprehensiveness and universality.

It may be that, despite of all reasoning, there will be pain to many a pious mind in following, even under the guidance of Bishop Butler, the course of an argument which seems all along to grant it as possible that the argument in favor of the truth of divine revelation may amount to no more than a qualified and dubious likelihood. But as when the net of the fisherman is cast wide, its extremity must lie far from the hand that threw it, so this argument of probability aims at including within the allegiance of religion those who

are remote from anything like a *normal* faith. It is no mere feat of logical arms; it is not done in vain glory, nor is it an arbitrary and gratuitous experiment, nor one disparaging to the majesty and strength of the gospel. The apostle, full of the manifold gifts of the Spirit, and admitted already to the third heaven, condescended before the Athenians to the elementary process of arguing from natural evidences for the being of God. The gospel itself alone can fit us to appreciate its own proofs in all their force. It is addressed to beings of darkened mind and alienated heart. The light of truth indeed is abundant; but the clouded and almost blinded eye can admit no more than a faint glimmering. But if even that faint glimmering be suffered to enter, it will train and fit the organ that it has entered to receive more and more; and although at first the glory of the Lord could scarcely be discerned in a twilight little short of night itself, yet by such degrees as the growth of the capacity allows, it "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."*

It is a deeply important question, whether, and how far, the law of probable evidence governs the means, by which provision has been made for our acceptance of Christian doctrine. This is a great controverted question of theology, which it could not but be advantageous to discuss in the light, tranquil as it is, supplied by the philosophy of Butler. It cannot now be attempted, however well it may deserve a separate effort. For the present, it only remains to deal with a question belonging to the region of ethics. For the doctrine of the authority of probable evidence in practical subject-matter is impugned not only by those who require absolute certainty in lieu of it, but likewise by those who permit and warrant moral action against probability. These are the teachers of what is called probabilism.

Probabilism is by no means the universal or compulsory doctrine of the Roman theologians. It has been combatted even by Gonzales, a Jesuit, and a general of the order.† It is confronted by a system called probabiliorism: which teaches that, when in doubt among several alternatives of conduct, we are bound to choose that which has the greatest likelihood of being right. And there is also, it appears, a rigid school of those who pass by the name of tutorists. These hold that even such likelihood is insufficient, and that certainty

* Acts xvii. 24.

† Ravignan, *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuites*, p. 84.

* Heb. xi. 1.

is required as a warrant for our acts. But the popular doctrine seems to be that of probabilism. It would be wrong to assert that it is a doctrine consciously held and taught for purposes adverse to morality or honor. Without venting any such calumny, let us regard it purely in the abstract, and not as having become parasitical to a particular Church. For my own part I know not how, when it is so contemplated, to escape from the impression, that when closely scrutinized it will be found to threaten the very first principles of morals; or to deny that, if universally received and applied, it would go far to destroy whatever there is of substance in moral obligation.

The essence of the doctrine is, the license to choose the less probable. Is it not, then, obvious in the first place that it overthrows the whole *authority* of probable evidence? No probabilist, it must be supposed, could adopt and urge the argument of Bishop Butler's "Analogy" for the truth of revelation. For his opponent would at once reply by the plea that there are certain real and unsolved difficulties about the theory of religion; that these constituted a solid, even if an inferior, probability; and that he could not, on the principles of probabilism, be blamed for vindicating the right of his natural freedom in following the negative. If the view here taken of the range and title of probable evidence be correct, it is fearful to think what must be the ultimate effects upon human knowledge, belief, and action of any doctrine which saps or overthrows its title to our obedience. I say the ultimate effects: for, when thought moves only within prescribed limits, a long time may elapse before the detail of a process is evolved, and it is the ultimate effect, in moral questions, which is the true effect. It would even seem as if any who are, consciously or unconsciously, impairing the authority of probable evidence, must also be clearing the ground for the fell swoop of unbelief in its descent upon the earth.

Next, we are surely justified in being to the last degree suspicious of a doctrine, which sets up the liberty of man as being not only a condition of all right moral judgment, but a positive ingredient in the claim of one alternative to be preferred over another; an element of such consideration, as to give the preponderance to what would otherwise be the lighter scale. Duty is that which *binds*. Surely, if there is one idea more pointedly expressive than another of the character of the ethical teaching of Christianity, if there is one

lesson more pointedly derivable than another from the contemplation of its model in our blessed Lord, it is the idea and the lesson that we are to deny the claim of mere human will to be a serious ground of moral action, and to reduce it to its proper function, that of uniting itself with the will of God. This function is one of subordination: one which manifestly it never can perform, so long as it is to be recognized as something entitled to operate in determining moral choice, and yet extrinsic and additional to, and therefore separate from, his commands.

Again, what can be more unnatural, not to say more revolting, than to set up a system of rights or privileges in moral action, apart from duties? How can we, without departing from our integrity before God, allege the right of our natural freedom as sufficing to counterbalance any, even the smallest likelihood that his will for us lies in a particular direction? Scripture, surely, gives no warrant for such a theory; nor the sense of Christian tradition; nor the worthier schools of heathen philosophy. Is it not hard to reconcile the bare statement of it with the common sense of duty and of honesty, as it belongs to our race at large? And more. Is it possible to go thus far, without going much further? It is granted and taught, not indeed that where there is an overwhelming, yet where there is a sensible and appreciable superiority of likelihood in favor of one alternative against another, there, on account and in virtue of our inclination for that which has the weaker evidence, we may choose the latter with a safe conscience. That is to say, eliminating, or excluding from the case, that portion of likelihood which is common to both alternatives, there remains behind on the one side not a great but an appreciable probability: on the other a simple predilection; and shall the latter be declared by a system of Christian ethics to outweigh the former? How is it possible, either, firstly, to establish the right of mere *will* to be set against presumptions of duty? or, secondly, when once that right has been arrogated, to limit, by any other than an arbitrary rule, the quantity of such presumptions of duty, which may be thus outweighed? If an ordinary inclination may outweigh so much of adverse presumption of duty, may not a bias tenfold and twentyfold stronger outweigh a little, or a good deal, more? And then, where is this slippery process to terminate? Where is the clue to this labyrinth? What will be the rights, and what the as-

sumptions, of inclination in this matter, when it has been stimulated by the countenance of authority, and when through indulgence it has become ungovernable?

But, as our sense of the obligations of human relationship, though lower, is also less impaired than that of our duty towards God, let us illustrate the case by reference to this region. Will a license to follow the less probable alternative bear examination, when it is applied to the relative obligations which unite man with man? An enemy brings me tidings that an aged parent is in prison and at the point of death, without solace or support. The same person has before deceived and injured me. It is probable that he may be doing so again: so probable that if he had communicated any piece of mere intelligence, not involving a quest on of conduct, it would, upon the whole, have appeared most safe not to believe the statement. Let it then even be more likely that he now speaks falsehood than truth. Will that warrant me in remaining where I am, or is it possible to treat with neglect a call which *may* reveal the want and extremity of a parent, without an evident, gross, and most culpable breach of filial obligation? The answer would be no; and it would be immediate and universal. And yet the case here put has been one not of greater but of inferior likelihood. How then, we may ask, by the argument *a fortiori*, is it possible to apply to the regulation of our relations towards God a theory which explodes at the first instant when it is tested by perhaps the deepest among all the original instincts of our nature?

It is indeed true that the doctrine of probabilism is guarded by two conditions. The first is, that it is to apply only to questions of right, not to those, as I find it expressed, where both fact and right are involved. The question of the validity of a sacrament is not to be tried by it; and "*de même, un médecin est tenu de donner les remèdes les plus éprouvés, et un juge les décisions les plus sûres.*"* But this reservation appears rather to weaken, than to strengthen, the case. Is it not sometimes difficult to decide on the validity of a sacred rite? Do the judge and the physician never doubt? Why are the rules for the investigation of truth which bind them, otherwise than obligatory on other personal conduct? Is not the foundation of duty to others strictly and immutably one with the foundation of duty to our own selves? Again, obligation to a

fellow-creature cannot be stronger than obligation to our father in heaven; therefore, if the liberty of a man is a good plea against a doubtful command of God, why may it not equally warrant a doubtful wrong to a patient or a suitor? if it be good in that part of our relations to God, which embraces the immediate communion of the soul with him, why not also in that other part, when the intercourse is through the medium of holy rites? It is not difficult to see that neither the Church, nor civil society, could bear without derangement the application of probabilism to the relations between them and the individual. But then it is more than ever difficult to conceive how such a relaxation of the moral law is to be justified, and that, moreover, in the department of conduct which is inward, in which we are our own judges, and in which therefore we may even have need to be aided against temptation by a peculiar strictness of rule.

The other limitation of the doctrine is, that the probability we are to follow, though inferior to that of the competing alternative, must be intrinsically a solid one: and must not be glaringly, though it may be sensibly, inferior to the opposing argument. "*Quoique, comparativement à la probabilité contraire, la vôtre soit inférieure, il faut qu'elle soit, absolument parlant, grave, et solide, et digne d'un homme prudent; comme une montagne relativement à une autre peut être plus petite, mais néanmoins être en soi, et absolument, une assez grande masse pour mériter le nom de montagne.*"* And this doctrine is supported by the very strange reason,† that it is more easy to determine whether the probability in favor of a given alternative belong to the class of solid or of faint and inadmissible probabilities, than whether it be greater or less than the probability in favor of some other alternative. This proposition is one which requires to borrow support, rather than one which can afford to lend it. To me it has the sound of egregious paradox. However difficult it may sometimes be to compare the reasons adducible in support of opposite alternatives, the line between them, it is evident, can rarely be finer and more hair-drawn than that which is to distinguish, in the technical order, the general traits of a faint from those of a solid probability.

But upon the doctrine itself let me record, in concluding, these three remarks.

* Ibid., p. 75.

† Ibid., p. 86.

* *Manuel des Confesseurs*, p. 74.

In the first place, the cases are innumerable in which there is evidence in favor of a given alternative, which would amount to a solid, aye a very solid probability, if it stood alone: if it were not overthrown by evidence on the opposite side. But if we are to regard it absolutely, and not relatively, we must on this account fall into constant error. Secondly: to know that our duty is to follow the safest and best alternative, is at least to possess a determinate rule, and one eminently acceptable to a sound conscience; one which gives us a single and intelligible end for our efforts, though the path of duty is not always, even for the single eye, easy to discern. It becomes a tangled path indeed, with the aid of probabilism, which requires the decision of at least two questions: first, whether the alternative which it is meant to follow has a solid, not a feeble, probability in its favor; secondly, whether the alternative to be discarded has a notable and conspicuous, or only a limited and moderate, superiority over it. For the step cannot, by hypothesis, be taken until both these questions have been determined. In the third place, it is painful to recollect that when we are dealing with the most difficult parts of duty, those which we transact within ourselves, the appetite for self-indulgence should be pampered by encouragement from without. We are already apt enough to conjure into solid probabilities the veriest phantasms of the mind, provided only they present an agreeable appearance. Here is a premium set upon this process alike dangerous and alluring. The known subtlety of those mental introspections excuses many failures in those who do not create their own embarrassments; but for those who do, such a system appears capable of coloring error, which might have been blameless, with the darker hues of wilfulness and guilt.

From The New Quarterly Review.

THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WALK TO WARM'ELL CROSS; AND
AFTERWARDS.

As the goods had all to be carried to Weymouth that night, the excisemen's next object was to find horses and carts for the journey, and they went about the

village for that purpose. Latimer strode hither and thither with a lump of chalk in his hand, marking broad-arrows so vigorously on every vehicle and set of harness that he came across, that it seemed as if he would chalk broad-arrows on the very hedges and roads. Stockdale, who had had enough of the scene, turned indoors thoughtful and depressed. Lizzy was already there, having come in at the back, though she had not yet taken off her bonnet. She looked tired, and her mood was not much brighter than his own. They had but little to say to each other; and the minister went away and attempted to read; but at this he could not succeed, and he shook the little bell for tea.

Lizzy herself brought in the tray, the girl having run off into the village during the afternoon, too full of excitement at the proceedings to remember her state of life. However, almost before the sad lovers had said anything to each other, Martha came in in a steaming state.

"O there's such a stoor, Mrs. Newberry and Mr. Stockdale! The king's excisemen can't get the carts ready nohow at all! They pulled Thomas Ballam's, and William Rogers's, and Stephen Sprake's carts into the road, and off came the wheels, and down fell the carts; and they found there was no linchpins in the arms; and then they tried Samuel Shane's wagon, and found that the screws were gone from he, and at last they looked at the dairyman's cart, and he's got none neither! They have gone now to the blacksmith's to get some made, but he's nowhere to be found!"

Stockdale looked at Lizzy, who blushed very slightly, and went out of the room followed by Martha Sarah. But before they had got through the passage there was a rap at the front door, and Stockdale recognized Latimer's voice addressing Mrs. Newberry, who had turned back.

"For God's sake, Mrs. Newberry, have you seen Hardman the blacksmith up this way? If we could get hold of him, we'd e'en a'most drag him by the hair of his head to his anvil, where he ought to be."

"He's an idle man, Mr. Latimer," said Lizzy archly. "What do you want him for?"

"Why there isn't a horse in the place that has got more than three shoes on, and some have only two. The wagon-wheels be without strakes, and there's no linchpins to the carts. What with that, and the bother about every set of harness being out of order, we sha'n't be off before nightfall — upon my soul we sha'n't. 'Tis

a rough lot, Mrs. Newberry, that you've got about you here; but they'll play at this game once too often, mark my words they will. There's not a man in the parish that don't deserve to be whipped."

It happened that Hardman was at that moment a little further up the lane, smoking his pipe behind a holly bush. When Latimer had done speaking he went on in this direction, and Hardman hearing his steps, found his curiosity too strong for his prudence. He peeped out from the bush at the very moment that Latimer's glance was on it. There was nothing left for him to do but to come forward with unconcern.

"I've been looking for you for the last hour!" said Latimer, with a glare in his eye.

"Sorry to hear that," said Hardman. "I have been out for a stroll, to look for more hid tubs, to deliver 'em up to government."

"O yes, Hardman, we know it," said Latimer, with withering sarcasm. "We know that you'll deliver 'em up to government. We know that all the parish is helping us, and have been all day. Now you please walk along with me down to your shop, and kindly let me hire ye in the king's name."

They went down the lane together; and presently there resounded from the smithy the ring of a hammer not very briskly swung. However, the carts and horses were got into some sort of travelling condition, but it was not until after the clock had struck six, when the muddy roads were glistening under the horizontal light of the fading day. The smuggled tubs were soon packed into the vehicles, and Latimer, with three of his assistants, drove slowly out of the village in the direction of the port of Weymouth, some considerable number of miles distant, the other excisemen being left to watch for the remainder of the cargo, which they knew to have been sunk somewhere between Ringstead and Lulworth Cove, and to unearth Owlett, the only person clearly implicated by the discovery of the cave.

Women and children stood at the doors as the carts, each chalked with the government pitchfork, passed in the increasing twilight; and as they stood they looked at the confiscated property with a melancholy expression that told only too plainly the relation which they bore to the trade.

"Well, Lizzy," said Stockdale, when the crackle of the wheels had nearly died away, "this is a fit finish to your adven-

ture. I am truly thankful that you have got off without suspicion, and the loss only of the liquor. Will you sit down and let me talk to you?"

"By-and-by," she said. "But I must go out now."

"Not to that horrid shore again?" he said blankly.

"No, not there. I am only going to see the end of this day's business."

He did not answer to this, and she moved towards the door slowly, as if waiting for him to say something more.

"You don't offer to come with me," she added at last. "I suppose that's because you hate me after all this?"

"Can you say it, Lizzy, when you know I only want to save you from such practices? Come with you!—of course I will, if it is only to take care of you. But why will you go out again?"

"Because I cannot rest indoors. Something is happening, and I must know what. Now, come." And they went into the dusk together.

When they reached the turnpike road she turned to the right, and he soon perceived that they were following the direction of the excisemen and their load. He had given her his arm, and every now and then she suddenly pulled it back, to signify that she was to halt a moment and listen. They had walked rather quickly along the first quarter of a mile, and on the second or third time of standing still she said, "I hear them ahead—don't you?"

"Yes," he said; "I hear the wheels. But what of that?"

"I only want to know if they get clear away from the neighborhood."

"Ah," said he, a light breaking upon him. "Something desperate is to be attempted!—and now I remember there was not a man about the village when we left."

"Hark!" she murmured. The noise of the cart-wheels had stopped, and given place to another sort of sound.

"'Tis a scuffle!" said Stockdale. "There'll be murder. Lizzy, let go my arm; I am going on. On my conscience, I must not stay here and do nothing!"

"There'll be no murder, and not even a broken head," she said. "Our men are thirty to four of them: no harm will be done at all."

"Then there *is* an attack!" exclaimed Stockdale; "and you knew it was to be. Why should you side with men who break the laws like this?"

"Why should you side with men who take from country traders what they have

honestly bought wi' their own money in France?" said she firmly.

"They are not honestly bought," said he.

"They are," she contradicted. "I and Owlett and the others paid thirty shillings for every one of the tubs before they were put on board at Cherbourg, and if a king who is nothing to us sends his people to steal our property, we have a right to steal it back again."

Stockdale did not stop to argue the matter, but went quickly in the direction of the noise, Lizzy keeping at his side. "Don't you interfere, will you, dear Richard?" she said anxiously, as they drew near. "Don't let us go any closer: 'tis at Warm'ell Cross where they are seizing 'em. You can do no good, and you may meet with a hard blow."

"Let us see first what is going on," he said. But before they had got much further the noise of the cart-wheels began again; and Stockdale soon found that they were coming towards him. In another minute the three carts came up, and Stockdale and Lizzy stood in the ditch to let them pass.

Instead of being conducted by four men, as had happened when they went out of the village, the horses and carts were now accompanied by a body of from twenty to thirty, all of whom, as Stockdale perceived to his astonishment, had blackened faces. Among them walked six or eight huge female figures whom, from their wide strides, Stockdale guessed to be men in disguise. As soon as the party discerned Lizzy and her companion four or five fell back, and when the carts had passed, came close to the pair.

"There is no walking up this way for the present," said one of the gaunt women, who wore curls a foot long, dangling down the sides of her face, in the fashion of the time. Stockdale recognized this lady's voice as Owlett's.

"Why not?" said Stockdale. "This is the public highway."

"Now look here, youngster," said Owlett. "Oh, 'tis the Methodist parson!—what, and Mrs. Newberry! Well, you'd better not go up that way, Lizzy. They've all run off, and folks have got their own again."

The miller then hastened on and joined his comrades. Stockdale and Lizzy also turned back. "I wish all this hadn't been forced upon us," she said regretfully. "But if those excisemen had got off with the tubs, half the people in the parish would have been in want for the next month or two."

Stockdale was not paying much attention to her words, and he said, "I don't think I can go back like this. Those four poor excisemen may be murdered for all I know."

"Murdered!" said Lizzy impatiently. "We don't do murder here."

"Well, I shall go as far as Warm'ell Cross to see," said Stockdale decisively; and, without wishing her safe home or anything else, the minister turned back. Lizzy stood looking at him till his form was absorbed in the shades; and then, with a sigh, she went in the direction of Nether-Mynton.

The road was lonely, and after nightfall at this time of the year there was often not a passer for hours. Stockdale pursued his way without hearing a sound beyond that of his own footsteps; and in due time he passed beneath the trees of the plantation which surrounded the Warm'ell cross-road. Before he had reached the point of intersection he heard voices from the thicket.

"Hoi-hoi-hoi! Help, help!"

The voices were not at all feeble or despairing, but they were unmistakably anxious. Stockdale had no weapon, and before plunging into the pitchy darkness of the plantation he pulled a stake from the hedge, to use in case of need. When he got among the trees he shouted, "What's the matter—where are you?"

"Here," answered the voices; and, pushing through the brambles in that direction, he came near the objects of his search.

"Why don't you come forward?" said Stockdale.

"We be tied to the trees."

"Who are you?"

"Poor Jim Latimer the exciseman," said one, plaintively. "Just come and cut these cords, there's a good man. We were afraid nobody would pass by to-night."

Stockdale soon loosened them, upon which they stretched their limbs and stood at their ease.

"The rascals!" said Latimer, getting now into a rage, though he had seemed quite meek when Stockdale first came up. "'Tis the same set of fellows. I know they were Mynton chaps to a man."

"But we can't swear to 'em," said another. "Not one of 'em spoke."

"What are you going to do?" said Stockdale.

"I'd fain go back to Mynton, and have at 'em again!" said Latimer.

"So would we!" said his comrades.

"Fight till we die!" said Latimer.

"We will, we will!" said his men.

"But," said Latimer, more frigidly, as they came out of the plantation, "we don't *know* that these chaps with black faces were Mynton men. And proof is a hard thing."

"So it is," said the rest.

"And therefore we won't do nothing at all," said Latimer, with complete dispassionateness. "For my part, I'd sooner be them than we. The clitches of my arms are burning like fire from the cords they two women tied round 'em. My opinion is, now I have had time to think o't, that you may serve your gover'nment at too high a price. For these two nights and days I have not had an hour's rest; and, please God, here's for home-along."

The other officers agreed heartily to this course; and, thanking Stockdale for his timely assistance, they parted from him at the cross, taking themselves the western road, and Stockdale going back to Nether-Mynton.

During that walk the minister was lost in reverie of the most painful kind. As soon as he got into the house, and before entering his own rooms, he advanced to the door of the little back parlor in which Lizzy usually sat with her mother. He found her there alone. Stockdale went forward, and, like a man in a dream, looked down upon the table that stood between him and the young woman, who had her bonnet and cloak still on. As he did not speak, she looked up from her chair at him, with misgiving in her eye.

"Where are they gone?" he then said listlessly.

"Who? — I don't know. I have seen nothing of them since. I came straight in here."

"If your men can manage to get off with those tubs, it will be a great profit to you, I suppose?"

"A share will be mine, a share my cousin Owlett's, a share to each of the two farmers, and a share divided amongst the men who helped us."

"And you still think," he went on slowly, "that you will not give this business up?"

Lizzy rose, and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Don't ask that," she whispered. "You don't know what you are asking. I must tell you, though I meant not to do it. What I make by that trade is all I have to keep my mother and myself with."

He was astonished. "I did not dream of such a thing," he said. "I would

rather have swept the streets, had I been you. What is money compared with a clear conscience?"

"My conscience is clear. I know my mother, but the king I have never seen. His dues are nothing to me. But it is a great deal to me that my mother and I should live."

"Marry me, and promise to give it up. I will keep your mother."

"It is good of you," she said, trembling a little. "Let me think of it by myself. I would rather not answer now."

She reserved her answer till the next day, and came into his room with a solemn face. "I cannot do what you wished," she said passionately, "It is too much to ask. My whole life ha' been passed in this way." Her words and manner showed that before entering she had been struggling with herself in private, and that the contention had been strong.

Stockdale turned pale but he spoke quietly. "Then, Lizzy, we must part. I cannot go against my principles in this matter, and I cannot make my profession a mockery. You know how I love you, and what I would do for you; but this one thing I cannot do."

"But why should you belong to that profession?" she burst out. "I have got this large house; why can't you marry me, and live here with us, and not be a Methodist preacher any more? I assure you, Richard, it is no harm, and I wish you could only see it as I do. We only carry it on in winter: in summer it is never done at all. It stirs up one's dull life at this time o' the year, and gives excitement, which I have got so used to now that I should hardly know how to do 'thout it. At nights, when the wind blows, instead of being dull and stupid, and not thinking whether it do blow or not, your mind is afieid, even if you are not afieid yourself; and you are wondering how the chaps be getting on; and you walk up and down the room, and look out o' window, and then you go out yourself, and know your way about as well by night as by day, and have hairbreadth escapes from old Latimer and his fellows, who are too stupid ever to really frighten us, and only make us a bit nimble."

"He frightened you a little last night, anyhow; and I would advise you to drop it before it is worse."

She shook her head. "No, I must go on as I have begun. I was born to it. It is in my blood, and I can't be cured. O Richard, you cannot think what a hard

thing you have asked, and how sharp you try me when you put me between this and my love for 'ee!"

Stockdale was leaning with his elbow on the mantelpiece, his hands over his eyes. "We ought never to have met, Lizzy," he said. "It was an ill day for us! I little thought there was anything so hopeless and impossible in our engagement as this. Well, it is too late now to regret consequences in this way. I have had the happiness of seeing you and knowing you at least."

"You dissent from the Church, and I dissent from the State," she said. "And I don't see why we be not well matched."

He smiled sadly, while Lizzy remained looking down, her eyes beginning to overflow.

That was an unhappy evening for both of them, and the days that followed were unhappy days. Both she and he went mechanically about their employments, and his depression was marked in the village by more than one of his denomination with whom he came in contact. But Lizzy, who passed her days indoors, was unsuspected of being the cause; for it was generally understood that a quiet engagement to marry existed between her and her cousin Owlett, and had existed for some time.

Thus uncertainly the week passed on; till one morning Stockdale said to her: "I have had a letter, Lizzy. I must call you that till I am gone."

"Gone?" said she blankly.

"Yes," he said. "I am going from this place. I felt it would be better for us both that I should not stay after what has happened. In fact, I couldn't stay here, and look on you from day to day, without becoming weak and faltering in my course. I have just heard of an arrangement by which the other minister can arrive here in about a week, and let me go elsewhere."

That he had all this time continued so firmly fixed in his resolution came upon her as a grievous surprise. "You never loved me," she said bitterly.

"I might say the same," he returned; "but I will not. Grant me one favor. Come and hear my last sermon on the day before I go."

Lizzy, who was a church-goer on Sunday mornings, frequently attended Stockdale's chapel in the evening with the rest of the double-minded; and she promised.

It became known that Stockdale was going to leave, and a good many people outside his own sect were sorry to hear it. The intervening days flew rapidly away,

and on the evening of the Sunday which preceded the morning of his departure Lizzy sat in the chapel to hear him for the last time. The little building was full to overflowing, and he took up the subject which all had expected, that of the contraband trade so extensively practised among them. His hearers, in laying his words to their own hearts, did not perceive that they were most particularly directed against Lizzy, till the sermon waxed warm, and Stockdale nearly broke down with emotion. In truth his own earnestness, and her sad eyes looking up at him, were too much for the young man's equanimity. He hardly knew how he ended. He saw Lizzy, as through a mist, turn and go away with the rest of the congregation; and shortly afterwards followed her home.

She invited him to supper, and they sat down alone, her mother having, as was usual with her on Sunday nights, gone to bed early.

"We will part friends, won't we?" said Lizzy, with forced gaiety, and never alluding to the sermon: a reticence which rather disappointed him.

"We will," he said, with a forced smile on his part; and they sat down.

It was the first meal that they had ever shared together in their lives, and probably the last that they would so share. When it was over, and the indifferent conversation could no longer be continued, he arose and took her hand. "Lizzy," he said, "do you say we must part—do you?"

"You do," she said solemnly. "I can say no more."

"Nor I," said he. "If that is your answer, good-bye."

Stockdale bent over her and kissed her, and she involuntarily returned his kiss. "I shall go early," he said hurriedly. "I shall not see you again."

And he did leave early. He fancied, when stepping forth into the grey morning light, to mount the van which was to carry him away, that he saw a face between the parted curtains of Lizzy's window; but the light was faint, and the panes glistened with wet; so he could not be sure. Stockdale mounted the vehicle and was gone; and on the following Sunday the new minister preached in the chapel of the Mynton Wesleyans.

Did they ever meet again?

One day, two years after the parting, Stockdale, now settled in a midland town, came into Nether-Mynton by carrier in the original way. Jogging along in the van

that afternoon he had put questions to the driver, and the answers that he received interested the minister deeply. The result of them was that he went without the least hesitation to the door of his former lodging. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the same time of year as when he had left; now, too, the ground was damp and glistening, the west was bright, and Lizzy's snowdrops were raising their heads in the border under the wall.

Lizzy must have caught sight of him from the window, for by the time that he reached the door she was there holding it open; and then, as if she had not sufficiently considered her act of coming out, she drew herself back, saying with some constraint, "Mr. Stockdale!"

"You knew it was," said Stockdale, taking her hand. "I wrote to say I should call."

"Yes, but you did not say when," she answered.

"I did not. I was not quite sure when my business would lead me to these parts."

"You only came because business brought you near?"

"Well, that is the fact; but I have often thought I should like to come on purpose to see you . . . But what's all this that has happened? I told you how it would be, Lizzy, and you would not listen to me."

"I would not," she said sadly. "But I had been brought up to that life; and it was second nature to me. However, it is all over now. The officers have blood-money for taking a man dead or alive, and the trade is going to nothing. We were hunted down like rats."

"Owlett is quite gone, I hear."

"Yes. He is in America. We had a dreadful struggle that last time, when they tried to take him. It is a perfect miracle that he lived through it; and it is a wonder that I was not killed. I was shot in the hand. It was not by aim; the shot was really meant for my cousin; but I was behind, looking on as usual, and the bullet came to me. It bled terribly, but I got home without fainting; and it healed after a time. You know how he suffered?"

"No," said Stockdale. "I only heard that he just escaped with his life."

"He was shot in the back; but a rib turned the ball. He was badly hurt. We would not let him be took. The men carried him all night across the meads to Bere, and hid him in a barn, dressing his wound as well as they could, till he was so far recovered as to be able to get about. He had gied up his mill for some time;

and at last he got to Bristol, and took a passage to America, and he's settled in Wisconsin."

"What do you think of smuggling now?" said the minister, gravely.

"I own that we were wrong," said she. "But I have suffered for it. I am very poor now, and my mother has been dead these twelve months. . . . But won't you come in, Mr. Stockdale?"

Stockdale went in; and it is to be presumed that they came to an understanding; for a fortnight later there was a sale of Lizzy's furniture, and after that a wedding at a chapel in a neighboring town.

He took her away from her old haunts to the home that he had made for himself in his native county, where she studied her duties as a minister's wife with praiseworthy assiduity. It is said that in after years she wrote an excellent tract called "Render unto Cæsar; or, The Repentant Villagers," in which her own experience was anonymously used as the introductory story. Stockdale got it printed, after making some corrections, and putting in a few powerful sentences of his own; and many hundreds of copies were distributed by the couple in the course of their married life.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PATHANS OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

[SINCE we received the MS. of this paper we have met with the following paragraph about the writer in the Indian correspondence of the *Times*. — ED. B. M.]

"Scott's guard of twenty men from the 24th Punjab Infantry were suddenly attacked by more than a hundred Afridis, who fired from the surrounding hills under cover of trees and rocks. One man being severely wounded, Scott went to his assistance, and, telling him to throw his arms round his neck, prepared to carry him off. The man, with a devotion not uncommon among the Sepoys, declined the proffered assistance, and urged Scott to save himself. Scott refused to abandon him, and took him on his shoulders. The altercation, however, caused a fatal delay. Scott ran back towards his party with the wounded man on his shoulders, but in his haste stumbled and fell. Before he could rise the Afridis were upon him, and with gleaming knives slashed and cut up the wounded man. But, though unable to save him, the gallant surveyor did not desert the Sepoy. With his revolver he killed one assailant and wounded another, keeping them all at bay till, reinforced by some of his escort, he drove them back to seek shelter behind the rocks. One Sepoy de-

scribed Scott's appearance as demoniac when, his helmet having fallen off, with bare head, and beard, face, and clothes covered with blood from the wounded man, he stood over the body, pointing his revolver at the Afridis, and calling to his escort to shoot them down. Had this brave man been a soldier, the Victoria Cross would probably have been awarded him in recognition of his gallantry. No doubt in some form or other Scott's soldierly merit will be recognized. He fought his way back successfully to Michni, losing three killed and four wounded, he himself escaping unhurt."]

THE proposed rectification of our north-western frontier of India, if carried out in its integrity, will bring under British jurisdiction a large and very powerful section of the Pathan or Afghan border tribes, who inhabit the wild mountain tracts that have hitherto shut in the Indian empire from the semi-civilized countries and khanates of central Asia, a borderland of unquiet, where "there is no king, and every man does that which is right in his own eyes"—controlled only by the fear of bloody recompense, influenced rather than bound in social customs by the laws of the Koran.

The country of the Pathans or Pukhtans, who speak Pukhto, extends from Gilghit, the north-western portion of the dominions of H. H. the maharajah of Jummoo and Cashmere, in lat. $35^{\circ} 30'$, long. $74^{\circ} 30'$, in a curve about one hundred miles in diameter, running west and south to the neighborhood of Bunnoo or Edwardesabad, about lat. 33° , long. $70^{\circ} 30'$ (where they are succeeded on the border by the Belooch tribes), including the British districts of Hazara, Peshawar, Kohat, and Bunnoo—the former cis-Indus, the other three trans-Indus districts.

The Pathans inhabiting these districts were partly subjugated by the Sikhs, and came under British sway with the rest of the Punjab when that province was annexed at the close of the second Sikh war. Each of these districts contains hills and plains; the inhabitants are of the same great family, speak the same language, and have the same characteristics as the still independent tribes beyond our frontier. More or less gradually they have accepted the peaceful order of things inaugurated under the new régime; and the number of riots, assassinations, and other savage crimes which long disgraced them, and still disgrace the independent country, have decreased, till now their inhabitants are almost as peaceful and orderly as the subject races in any other part of India, which fact might be taken as "a promise

of good things to come" for the portions that may now be included in the empire.

Much has been written for and against the theory that the Pathan clans are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. However this may be, when asked whence they have come originally, the *moollahs* (priests) point north-westward, sometimes adding, "Khoorasan." All agree that their first representatives came down with Timoor Lung (Tamerlane), or some other central Asian conqueror, as mercenaries. Wave on wave followed the first irruption, till the former inhabitants and their "Toork" rulers were either driven southward, destroyed, or amalgamated with the new-comers. They claim to have occupied these hills for from ten to fourteen generations now.

Different powerful leaders seem to have occupied particular sections of the hills, and formed with their immediate following the *nuclei* of the present larger tribal divisions, distinguished by a common name from the other great tribes.

Such are the *Oorakzais*, who inhabit the country lying north of the Koorum Valley, north-west of Kohat; the *Afreedees*, in whose lands lie both the Kohat and Khyber Passes; the *Mohmunds*, on either side the Cabul or Nagomau River for about fifty miles of its course above its exit into the Peshawar Valley at Fort Michni, and also in a portion of that valley; the *Khaleels*, in the Peshawar Valley; the *Khuttuks* round Kohat; the *Eusufzais*, inhabiting the Swat and neighboring valleys and British Eusufzai; the *Tannawal Swatis* and others, in Hazara. Lying amongst these are various smaller tribes, distinct from them, but generally throwing in their lot with one or other of their powerful neighbors in times of unusual excitement.

As years rolled on these large tribes were broken up into smaller clans and sections, each following the leadership of some son or brother of the first chieftain, and their children again subdividing the heritage in the same way, till now each tribe is subdivided into numerous *khels* or *sais*, the subdivision still going on till each lesser valley, each collection of hamlets—nay, each hamlet—boasts its one, two, or more *malliks* or khans, each of whom commands a small party of adherents and retainers, and between whom and his rivals—generally his brothers, half-brothers, or cousins—constant causes of strife and bloodshed crop up. The principal causes of quarrel are, in the words of their own proverb, ground, gold, and women. Luck-

ily, owing to their strict adherence to the letter of their law in this respect, *wine* is not added to the list. The first cause of domestic or social strife is often puerile in the extreme. In a moment of anger one man calls another "Kaffir"—that is, infidel—and is either cut down on the spot, or subsequently stalked and knifed or shot. There is no court of law to appeal to; the murderer has no qualms of conscience; but it is a recognized custom amongst them that any relative of a murdered man is at liberty to murder any relative of the murderer he can lay hands on. This done, it must in its turn be revenged; so the ball rolls on, till at times whole tribes become implicated. Mercy is neither asked nor given. There are, indeed, places of refuge where a hasty murderer may escape for a time the vengeance of the avenger of blood—some shrine, some temple, at times the tower of a neighboring chief. We may be excused for adding a well-known tale of the border here, more characteristic and explanatory than description, however vivid, can portray.

A debtor proceeding to Peshawar with some articles for sale, met a creditor who demanded the settlement of his long overdue loan. Payment was promised after the sale of the goods, now on their way to market. The creditor demanded security, but was told he must trust the word of the debtor, who had nothing to give in pledge. "Give me this as security," said the creditor, placing his hand on the debtor's long knife, stuck as usual in his girdle or kummerbund—a deadly insult. "Take it," said the debtor, stabbing the other on the spot. He then fled, followed by the relatives of the deceased. Approaching a tower, the pursued sought "refuge in Allah's name." Having inquired from the chieftain of the tower replied, "You have killed my own brother; but having asked refuge in God's name, in his name I give it." Forthwith the pursued was drawn up into the tower and the pursuers sternly forbidden to approach. These having left the scene, the chieftain then gave the refugee half an hour's grace, swearing by Allah to slay him if after that he should be seized. The refugee made good use of the half-hour, and escaped for that occasion at least.

I have said *ground* is a fruitful source of quarrel. A piece of waste land lying long uncultivated—say between two small branches of some watercourse which has been the recognized boundary between

neighboring tribes or hamlets—is eyed by some impecunious cultivator, who forthwith proceeds with a couple of bullocks and a plough to break up the soil. Some neighbor from the opposite side, seeing him, disputes the slice of earth, warns the other off, and adds a musket-shot to enforce his argument. This is probably returned, and perhaps blood shed. The matter is now taken up by friends of the rival claimants, and this leads to more bloodshedding, needing revenge. The circle of strife increases, rival villages or khans take opposite sides, and soon the entire valley is a scene of strife. For a time the parties will content themselves with firing at any one seen on the disputed ground; but later on, raids are organized on either side, cattle lifted, hamlets and crops burned; retaliation follows, till at length a sharp sword-in-hand conflict brings matters to a climax. By this time both parties are probably tired of the contest, and are glad of some pretext to come to terms. There is no one of sufficient power to compel a cessation, no central authority to appeal to; but here religious influence steps in for good. Some neighboring shrine holds a noted recluse, or in a neighboring temple there is some learned moollah. This personage is appealed to; and if, as is generally the case, he fails to satisfy the parties, he summons all surrounding holy men, who in their turn summon the *Jirgah*, or council of elders and chiefs of the opposing clans, and a settlement is effected—one party paying a certain sum or giving a dinner in exchange for the land, or it is made neutral, and neither must approach it.

We have said above that the inhabitants of the British districts of Hazara, Peshawar, Kohat, and Bunnoo are Pathans of the same great family as their still independent brethren. The conquest of these districts was not easily, and never thoroughly, accomplished by the Sikhs. The rule of the Khalsa was one of terror. Religious fanaticism added to the natural and political hatred of the antagonistic races. Mercy was an unknown word.

The system of collecting revenue might be classed as military extortion, not only in the frontier tracts, but throughout the dominions of the great maharajah. The Punjab was divided into *sirdarees*. Each sirdar kept his own army and ruled his district in his own way. When in want of funds the maharajah paid a friendly visit, accompanied by a large body of troops, to the various sirdars, and received from each a *nuzzar*, or present of so many thousand

rupees. The sirdars paid like friendly visits to their subordinates; these squeezed the headmen of villages, who got what they could from the landholders, the landholders from the householders, etc. In the frontier districts, at least, this forcible collection of revenue was never submitted to while opposition was possible.

The sirdars first overran the districts with large armies, and after sharp fighting, placed *thannahs* and other fortified posts at various salient points. So long as the army remained in the neighborhood all was quiet; but so soon as the sirdar was called away to suppress revolt in other directions, or oppose political intrigues at headquarters, the Pathan chieftains would fly to the hills, collect their retainers and dependants, and burst into the plains, spread fire and sword, and hem in and cut to pieces the Sikh detachments scattered over the country, after inflicting horrible insults and tortures upon them. The depredations would then be carried into neighboring tracts, and the revolt daily gather strength — cattle, grain, girls, all that came to hand, would be carried off. The sirdar would hastily settle his other quarrels, receive reinforcements from Lahore, and hurry back to attack the insurgents.

Then would commence a system of reprisals. Bands of marauders or beaten insurgents would be surrounded and compelled to surrender. Several would be hanged or blown from guns; the chiefs and men of influence would be crucified, flayed, or burnt alive, buried alive to the neck and their heads used as targets. Whole villages would be given to the flames, males murdered, females outraged, children carried off as hostages for future good behavior. For months this terrible state of things would continue. Every night the Pathans would shoot sentries, cut up convoys, torture and mutilate prisoners, till one or both sides were nearly starved out; then a compromise would be effected, and matters settle down till the sirdar was again called elsewhere. How long this would have continued it is hard to say, had not the advent of British officers on the scene after the first Sikh war put an end to it. These came into the frontier tracts not as conquerors with horrible injuries to avenge, but as peacemakers and the incarnation of law and justice and mercy; further, almost as co-religionists, for as such they were then looked on by the Mohammedans who had so long been persecuted by the to them idolatrous Sikh. War and bloodshed were prevented and revolt severely punished on

the one hand, while complete toleration of the rites of the Moslem creed was permitted on the other; and the ears of the Pathans were once again gratified by the long-forbidden call to prayers in the *musjids*. At the conclusion of the first Sikh war, men like Edwardes, Lawrence, Mackeson, and Abbot, were sent to settle the hitherto unruly border districts in the name of the young maharajah Duleep Singh. Herbert Edwardes's "Two Years in the Punjaub" gives a vivid picture of the multifarious and onerous duties these officers had to perform, holding the burning censers between the living and the dead that the fearful plague of hatred and murder and cruelty might be stayed. So much were these officers respected and beloved by the Pathans, that when Dewan Moolraj of Mooltan raised the standard of revolt and the Sikh troops attempted to seize and murder the British officers, Lawrence was saved by the Khyberees, Edwardes led an army of Afghans to besiege Mooltan, and the chiefs of Hazara aided "Kaka (uncle) Abbot" to turn out the Sikh troops from that neighborhood. They welcomed the British raj, and gladly became subjects of the new government. Nor has their loyalty ever wavered; while, on the other hand, levies raised in the border villages have done much good service in the frontier wars, and heartily aided in repelling the invasions of their independent brethren.

In our present Afghan expedition we come neither as peacemakers nor yet as conquerors, and very careful handling is needed to steer clear of the troubles that might arise from a single false move. Many of the frontier chiefs round the Khyber have joined us, and, from a shrewd knowledge of their best interests if not from affection, they will endeavor to keep the peace. But there are various sources of discord. I have said a murderer has no qualms of conscience; this is especially so if the murdered man is an idolater, or even a Christian who is shot with little more feelings of compunction than an idolater, and an idolater with no more compunction than a bear or a tiger. The slaughter of an infidel, be he Christian or Hindoo, constitutes a sure claim to the Moslem paradise and to the dignity of *ghazi*. Besides, as the Christian and the Feringhee conqueror are identical, the shooting of a white man is looked on as a deed of daring valor though done in the most cowardly manner from behind a rock. The chief of a clan may offer safe-conduct and heartily mean to abide by his word to a

European, but he always has an enemy ready to bring him into disgrace with our authorities — some brother or cousin who wishes to succeed him in the headship of the clan or in his place of honor in our durbars — or some outlaw or refugee from British territory, some deserter with bitter feelings of personal hatred against all Europeans. Awaiting an opportunity of revenge, this man may at an unguarded moment work the mischief that the khan has done his utmost to avert; and so given are the Pathans to lying and treachery in the smallest concerns of life, that it is hard to discover whether the murder has been committed at the instigation of the man who promised safe-conduct or not. Hence the refusal of our government to sanction individual enterprise across the border.

Of all the border tribes the *Afreedees* has ever been the most treacherous and troublesome — if not the boldest, one of the most powerful in point of numbers, and, owing to its locality, the most important at the present juncture.

Running due east from the mountains round Cabul city is a long range known as the "Safed Koh," or White Mountain, dividing the valley of the Cabul River from the Coorum Valley, its summits rising to an elevation of twelve and fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level till it reaches long. $79^{\circ} 30'$, when the crest falls to eight thousand feet, and spurs are thrown out eastward towards Kohat and Peshawar and the Cabul River — one range or spur continuing unbroken to the Indus opposite Attok, and dividing the Peshawar from the Kohat Valley. Among the rugged, rocky slopes of these mountains, and in the intervening valleys, live the *Afreedees*, the *Oorakzais*, and north of the Khyber a section of the *Mohmunds*. The valleys occupied by the *Afreedees* are known respectively as Maidan and Bara, Bazar, and Khyber, running in parallel lines almost due east and west. Maidan and Bara have not yet been visited by our troops, and few Europeans have had even a glance into them. Tirah comprises Maidan, and *Oorakzai Bezoti*.

The streamlets which spring from the mountain-sides at the west ends of the valleys gradually increase in breadth and volume, and combining soon form broad streams, sometimes dry and pebbly, the water sinking to several feet below the surface; at others rocky, and filled with beautifully clear water. In the upper portions these flow through open undulating ground, sometimes three to four miles in breadth, grass-covered or cultivated with

wheat and barley, broken here and there by low hills, round whose bases generally cluster the towers and homesteads of the inhabitants. Other towers stand as sentinels guarding the cave-dwellings which honeycomb the high steep banks of the watercourses. Closing in the valleys are rugged mountain-slopes, whose crests rise to six and seven thousand feet above sea-level, the average height of the valleys being from three to four thousand feet. Sometimes these slopes are grass-covered, and well wooded with stunted oaks, and the wild olive; others rise in rugged, grand, scarped, fantastically-shaped rocky masses, which form a refuge for the wild goat and the *markhar*, but which offer little shelter to man and his flocks and herds. As the streams flow eastward towards the plains, the wooded or rocky mountain-slopes approach each other more and more nearly, till at length the valley has become a rugged ravine difficult to force, and still more difficult to hold — the central stream often a rushing torrent hemmed in between precipitous rocky banks. Here and there, indeed, the hills recede, leaving a narrow margin on the banks of the stream, where rich crops of rice are produced. This is especially so in the *Oorakzai Tirah*, where the rice cultivation is so extensive that during the hot months fever is very prevalent, as in all rice-producing valleys; and mosquitoes abound. Here and there a few fruit-trees, walnuts, and pears and peaches, and the vine, cluster round the homesteads, but scarcely in sufficient quantity for the valleys to be called fruitful.

Like other tribes, the *Afreedees* are subdivided into various clans and sections. The principal of these are the *Malekdeenkhel*, *Sepahis*, *Kukikhel*, *Kumberkhel*, and *Zakhakhel* in the valleys named above; and the *Adamkhel*, divided into four smaller sections — of which the *Jowaki* is one — in the hills round the Kohat Pass. Although the various clans have their own special chiefs and *Jirgahs*, or councils, and are often at war one with another, they claim a common right to the soil of all the lands of the various sections, though that right is now confined to a right of way through each other's valleys, and an equal distribution of the profits accruing from the toll levied on the trade passing through the Khyber and Kohat passes. It appears to have been long the custom amongst them, in exercise of their rights, to interchange the locations of the various sections every ten years; but this has gradually ceased, each now occupying certain

limits continually. At the final distribution the Zakhakhels appear to have appropriated a strip running north and south from the Khyber to Tirah; the other sections obtaining one strip to the westward of the Zakhakhels, and another eastward, touching on British territory. The first are elevated and form the summer residence of the inhabitants—the greater number of them migrating with their families and flocks to the lower lands in the winter. Twice a year they must pass through the Zakhakhel lands, who thus have a strong hold on them. Of all the sections the Zakhakhel are the most noted for their thieving and marauding propensities; and every frontier war has found them prepared to supply a contingent to the tribe threatened by our troops, for a consideration in money, arms, or cattle.

The four large sections of the Adamkhel long divided between them the proceeds of the traffic through the Kohat Pass, as well as the twelve thousand rupees yearly paid to them by the British government for the free use of that pass; the other sections dividing the proceeds of the Khyber Pass trade. The money so obtained has indeed been the chief source of their wealth, a sum being paid for each camel-load of merchandise in return for a safe-conduct through the pass. The rest of their riches consists of flocks and herds—the soil of their valleys and the rugged slopes of their mountains being too poor to produce even sufficient for their wants. Another source of income since the annexation of the Punjab has been the large sale of firewood and grass in the cantonments.

Through the Kohat Pass the chief article of traffic is salt, brought from the mines of Bahadarkhel, between Kohat and Bunnoo. Through the Khyber runs most of the trade between Cabul and India: from the former country dried fruits, silk, a warm cloth made from camels' hair called *burruk*; tobacco from Bokhara; and some hides and furs from Russian Asia. These are brought down on droves of hardy camels, which cross with ease the most difficult mountain roads, where Indian camels would flounder about in all directions; not led in single file with strings through their noses, but driven in crowds like sheep or cattle.

On the outbreak of present hostilities with Cabul, the passage-money was one of the first subjects broached by the Afreedees, and it seems an agreement was entered into between them and our authorities, by which they agreed not to molest our convoys, or interfere with the passage

of our troops through the pass; we on our part stipulating to guarantee the payment in full of their tolls, which was, we understand, settled by our paying to the Afreedees the entire sum claimed, put at a figure approaching one hundred and twenty-four thousand rupees a year. The camel-drivers have since been of great service to us in carrying our commissariat stores from Jumrood to Jelalabad, doing the ninety miles in four days, receiving one rupee per maund (eighty pounds) carried through. The unequal distribution of the money by the Afreedees among themselves at first led to much trouble; but this has, we believe, been since rectified.

The Afreedees have never submitted to a conqueror. To the ameer of Cabul they have permitted a kind of suzerainty over them, their chiefs paying occasional respectful visits to the Ameer, receiving from him *khilluts*, arms, and sometimes money, in return for which they considered themselves bound to supply a certain number of men in time of war. This did not, however, prevent their demanding payment from him for the safe-conduct through the Khyber of the mountain battery which our government presented to him some years back. They resented bitterly the occupation of Fort Ali Musjid by his troops two years ago, when his relations with us were strained and it was evident that ere long we would come to blows. This indeed was one of the chief reasons for the complacency with which the Afreedees, especially those in the Khyber, looked on our advance. The Pathans had no love for us, nor any desire for our occupation; but, fully convinced that our stay would be limited, they were quite content to see us clear the pass of the ameer's troops.

Other causes, too, were not wanting. The principal Zakhakhel chief of the Khyber was at deadly feud with the chiefs of Bara and Bazar. The two latter joined the ameer; the first of course joined us, and received the subsidy for the pass. This was naturally resented by the partisans of the others; and when these found leisure from the work of plundering the ameer's troops flying from Ali Musjid, they being joined by a few deserters from our native regiments, and outlaws of the border, commenced a series of attacks on our convoys, pickets, and sentries, which resulted in the burning of some of their villages, the two invasions of the Bazar Valley, and the blowing up of their towers; after which their grievances were attended to and arranged.

These towers are structures about thirty feet high, and the same in diameter. The first ten feet are of solid stone structure; the upper hollow, and capable of holding fifteen or twenty men; the whole loopholed and roofed in; above the roof is a look-out balcony. The only entrance is a small doorway above the stone substructure, approached either by a ladder or a single piece of rope, which, when the tower is occupied, is drawn up. Scattered round the towers are the huts or cave-dwellings of the people. The huts, surrounded generally by low earthen walls, resemble those all over upper India—earthen walls and flat, mud-covered roofs some twenty feet long, ten or twelve broad, and six high. Sometimes they are longer, and divided into apartments, in one of which the cows and buffaloes are housed, though quite as often they occupy the same apartment as their owners. Their portion is generally anything but clean; the portion occupied by the family is swept out daily by the women, who, as a rule, do not only all domestic work, but a good portion of outside duty also. The only furniture consists of two or three small bedsteads covered with string, on which lie tumbled some dirty quilts or blankets; in one corner some seed-cases covered with a coating of mud, containing the grain for daily use and for the next sowing season; a small stool or two, and some spinning-wheels, at which the women sit when at leisure, which is seldom; a few *ghurras*, earthen vessels, holding water or buttermilk, and used as cooking-pots. In one corner, or in the centre of the room, lies a heap of ashes or a wood fire, on which the cooking is done, the smoke of which having no outlets, blackens walls and rafters, on which hang the warlike implements of the lords of the mansion. These consist of a matchlock or flint-lock musket—lately superseded in many Afreedee homes by the Enfield, snatched from the ameer's panic-stricken infantry flying from Ali Musjid—a horn of powder, a bag of bullets, an old pistol or two, and the long knife, used as sword and dagger of some tribes, or the sword and shield of others. All these are worn by the men, not only when on the war-path, but almost invariably—even when ploughing in their fields. Add to this a sheepskin bag containing about twenty pounds of flour, in which are imbedded some pieces of salt and *goor* (molasses), and the Pathan is equipped for a week's campaign.

His clothing consists of a loose pair of trousers, a long coat or *chapkan*, a skull-

cap on his shaven head, a waistband, and a turban—the latter often used as a sheet for clothing at night. The turban is generally fringed with gay colors; otherwise his entire clothing is dyed a deep indigo-blue, or of the dust-color called *khaki*. On his feet are sandals, either of barely tanned leather, or made from grass or the leaves of a dwarf palm. But he is able to go about even amongst sharp rocks with bare feet. Their heads are shaven, and the ends of the moustache cut close to the upper lip, the beard and whiskers allowed to grow. The dress of the women consists of very loose trousers, a jacket and sheet thrown over head and shoulders, all dyed blue. The men do the ploughing, reaping, and, when unable to secure the services of Cabuli coolies, the building. They also cut the firewood for daily use and for sale, but never carry it. It is taken to the villages or to market on donkeys, mules, or bullocks, driven by boys, guarded by a man or two; or carried on their heads by the women and girls. These also cut and carry in grass for sale and for the cattle, climbing over most dangerous precipices to secure it. The cattle, sheep, and goats are taken out to graze by the boys.

The Pathan, in fact, is essentially lazy, except in war and the chase. He will not do a hand's turn more than he is compelled. He loves, of all things, to sit before the masjid or the *hojra* (guest-house) and gossip, bragging (especially the Afreedee) of his prowess, and the impenetrability of his mountain fastnesses while he is alive. The men do indeed generally build their own towers, and in characteristic fashion. The khan summons his retainers and neighbors to the work. When all are collected, after much talking and eating the work is begun; at noon they eat and smoke and talk—always talk—then build again to sundown; then set to eating and talking again. The khan feeds all who are engaged in the work till it is finished, when he gives a grand feast, adding perhaps a few sheep; so that, one way and another, each tower costs between two and three hundred rupees.

When not fighting or hunting, the Pathan goes about with bent head, in long slouching strides, fancying himself a wonderful being.

Although his conversation at times turns on history (if it can be called such), politics, and religion, the Pathan is excessively ignorant. A few youths learn to read the Koran, and recite long passages from it, and sometimes from other Eastern writ-

ings; but these at once set up as moollahs, or priests. There is no hierarchy or regular priesthood. Every man who can read the Koran is considered capable of leading the prayers in the musjids, and even of becoming a regular priest, though these places are generally reserved for the Syuds — descended or supposed to be descended from the Prophet, or at least from the family of the Koreish, who take the place of the Levites among the Jews. The great bulk of the Pathans are of the orthodox or Sunni sect — the same as the Turks, Arabians, and most Indian Mohammedans, in distinction from the Shiah — chiefly Persians — and the Wahabis, a comparatively new sect, who may be looked on as the Covenanters of the Moslem world for fanaticism, who, however, refuse all beliefs in prophets, angels, saints, shrines, etc., and consider themselves bound to struggle against all earthly sovereigns who are not of their own sect. These are looked on as dangerous heretics by the orthodox. Though a fanatic in religion, the Pathan has but a poor knowledge of what his religion is. He repeats the cry that "God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet," with great earnestness. He gives tithes to the priest. He keeps the stated fasts of the Moharram — not even smoking from sunrise to sunset during the thirty days, making up for his daily abstinence by indulging more than usual in food and tobacco at night. He will not mention the name pig, nor drink wine. His laws of inheritance are those propounded to him by his priest from the Koran. But except the moollahs — some of whom are learned in religious polemics — none can read or write, and they have no general knowledge. Strict deists in theory, and taught by the first principles of their creed to abhor anything likely to detract from the oneness of deity, they are, like all mountaineers, very superstitious.

The divs, djinns, and fairies of all Mohammedan literature are of course objects of faith, though not of sight. Their superstitious fancies content themselves with the invocation of saints, pilgrimages to *ziarats* or shrines, or *takias* — the former being the burial-places, the latter resting-spots in their wanderings, of holy men. Here prayers are offered to God, and the intercession of saints requested for their prayers, the objects of which are invariably material, not spiritual — the request for a son, cure from illness, death of enemies, riches for themselves, never an increase of purity, or holiness, or help in a heavenward path. For, unlike the

trembling Christian, with a morbid idea of his extreme sinfulness, taught to think that heaven is to be the reward of a few chosen ones, and begging to be included, the Pathan looks on himself as secure for all eternity because he is a Mohammedan. In controversy recognizing some intermediate state akin to the purgatory of the early Churches — where punishment for offences against other Mohammedans is meted out — he yet feels individually secure. Repentance, redemption, purity, humility, the great watchwords of the Christian, are unknown to the Pathan either in precept or practice. Miracles performed at shrines are commonly reported and believed amongst them, always as frivolous and useless to mankind as most modern instances of these impositions.

In the heart of Peshawar — perhaps the vilest city in Asia — has long been established a Christian mission, whose members have gained a hold on the affections of the brutal mob around them by their devotion to the sick in times of cholera and other pestilence. But they make few converts. When they do so, however, it is generally from among the more intelligent classes — men who have gone through the usual phases of thought; first, from Mohammedanism to simpler deism (that is, rejecting shrines, miracles, etc.); then atheism, or something like it; next Christianity, the last phase being long delayed. During the intermediate stages they are very candid and open in their opinions, contemptuous in their references to the superstitions around them. A story is told of one of these men in his transition stage. Crossing the Indus with a boat-load of others at Attok during the monsoon, a storm burst on them. The others cried to various saints for help. "What is the good of calling on dead saints?" said our friend. "Why not call on me, who am a living Syud, or on some living man who might hear you?" Saying this, he turned towards Eusufzai, and horrified his listeners by shouting louder than all the rest, "O Lumsden Sahib Bahadar, save me! O Lumsden Sahib Bahadar, save me!" We are not sure if the man eventually turned Christian, but think he did.

In our native armies the Sikh, Rajput, Poorbia, and even the Goorkha, can generally read and write a little when they join, but not the Pathan. The latter are, however, very quick learners, once they begin. We certainly get the finest of their youth in our armies, and get them young and healthy. They soon form excellent

soldiers, and even fair scholars. Their military air sits well on their stalwart frames. They serve with enthusiasm, though prone soon to become discontented; and revengeful crimes are often committed by them. They easily take offence, and are very ready to quarrel and fight. The conspiracy amongst a few of them with General Robert's Koorum column, the desertion of a few of them from Sir Samuel Browne's Jelalabad force, are apt to raise the question of the advisability of using them on the border — some even going so far as to talk of excluding all Pathans from campaigns within their own country. This opinion is unjust to the great body, not only of the Pathans of Eusufzai, Hazara, etc., who have no sympathy with the Afreedees, but also with reference to the Afreedee Sepoy himself. There have indeed been desertions, chiefly from among the Zakhakhels; and the deserters have perhaps done us more mischief than all others of the tribe put together. But a Sepoy in the ranks would without hesitation shoot down a deserter of his own clan if he had a chance; and even, if need be, fire on his own homestead. We think, on examination, that these deserters might all be classed under the following heads, not one for political or patriotic reasons: those who were afraid of losing their share of "pass" money paid by us; those who could not resist the temptation of joining in the plunder of the ameer's flying army; those who had some personal grievance, real or imaginary, with their commissioned or non-commissioned native officers, or who had been disappointed in hopes of speedy promotion; some few from a knowledge that with a good rifle and seventy rounds of ammunition in hand they had the opportunity of becoming men of note in their clan, instead of being private soldiers for years to come. Soldiering in a regular army, being well disciplined, brings out the best points of the Pathan — enlarges his ideas, increases his knowledge, imposes self-restraint; while the pensions paid regularly to those who have served long in our ranks has begun a more friendly feeling towards us in their country. The pensioners being richer than their neighbors, obtain an influence generally used for good. They have often aided largely in bringing their tribes to terms after a conflict with our troops or before an expected one. This, unfortunately, can only be said of the higher class of pensioners. The greater number, on returning to their villages flushed with their re-obtained freedom,

often burst into wild excesses and return with fresh vigor to their old restless style of life. They find a long list of scores awaiting settlement, and till this is done they can hardly look their friends in the face. Some, debauched by the life in garrison towns, bring their knowledge of vice there gained to their aid, and often the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Though a keen hand at a bargain, and very avaricious — buying and selling cattle, sheep, fowls, wood, and grass — he yet draws a line somewhere; he will not lend money on usury nor keep a shop — the former being forbidden by the Koran, the latter being considered derogatory. The callings of bankers and shopkeepers are taken up by the ubiquitous *Bunya* — called in the Punjab *Kuthrie*, among the Pathans simply *Hindoo* or *Hindko*. Each hamlet has its own *bunya*, who lives with his family — abiding by the simple rites of his father's creed, offering his prayers daily before his lamp or some other representative of the household god of his ancestors; unmolested, and generally unmolested; utterly callous to the fierce party strifes of the people among whom his fate has placed him; buying up their *ghee*, wool, goats' hair, and selling to them or exchanging for these articles salt, tobacco, indigo, and other household commodities — with donkey or mule loads of these he goes unarmed to the farthest nooks, the most wild and secluded glens, sleeping at night under some giant tree or massive rock, drinking of the clear springs of water round him, and eating his *chappaties* contentedly; neither marrying the daughters of the Moslem nor giving his daughters to them; lending money at fabulous rates of interest to impecunious chiefs, to enable them to squander largely at their marriage festivals, or in keeping up the village *hoojras*, guest-houses, where wayfarers of the faithful can claim, and without question obtain, food and lodging for the night free of cost, giving to the villagers in exchange such scraps of news or tales as they have been able to pick up in their wanderings, inventing miracles and wonders when their stock of facts is falling short.

Ignorant as are the men, the women are if possible more so. Looked on as useful servants and necessary mothers of sons, they seldom join the evening prayers, though I have seen some doing so — never instructed in anything by the men. Permitted by their creed to have four wives, few but the chiefs can afford this luxury, as they have to pay a pretty heavy sum to the girl's father for her. A second or

third wife is seldom taken by the poorer amongst them, unless no son has been born in the house. As in all Mohammedan countries, the half-brothers generally detest each other, and the division of the patrimony after the father's death causes many quarrels and much bloodshedding.

Not seldom feuds are caused by a father betrothing a girl to one suitor and taking the money for her, and afterwards making her over to a second for a larger sum. Girls are generally married before the age of twelve; and this, together with the hard life of labor, probably accounts for their aging and losing all pretence to beauty before thirty. Adultery is never forgiven. The Pathan has no respect and little affection for his wife; but honor, or rather self-esteem, is of more importance, and an elopement is sooner or later followed by the murder of the couple: yet elopements and abductions are common.

Though overbearing and exacting, and not slow at cruelly striking a woman, a Pathan seldom kills one except in a fit of jealousy. Yet it is not surprising that among people so little restrained, brutal murders of wives, and even of children, do occur. A noted freebooter, who for many years kept the border of Bonair in a ferment by his raids, had once been a village *lumberdar* or revenue-collector for government. Returning from the fields one evening tired and sulky, he asked his wife for a cup of milk while she was engaged in nursing her baby. She replied that so soon as she could remove the child she would attend to his wants. Snatching the infant from her arms he dashed its head against the wall, saying her duty was to attend to him first. He had of course to fly across the border. Gathering a party of desperadoes round him, he used to go in disguise to some village in the plains, watch an opportunity, cause an alarm at one end of the village, while he snatched some rich *bunya's* child from its house at the other, and made off. The bereaved parents would shortly after be informed that on depositing a sum of money at a certain spot the child would be restored. He kept this up for some years, but at length paid with his life for his villainies. On the approach of Englishmen, or of any man of rank likely to have the power of abduction in their eyes, the women are hustled out of sight, but otherwise they are free to roam unveiled. A few of the richer ones, however, affect the *purdah* — that is, keep their wives closely confined. Where they have long been in contact with Englishmen, however, the fear of outrage has

died out, and no restraints are imposed; but the women must not be seen by the husband in conversation with other men.

The villages in Swat Hazara and other districts are often very large; but in the Afreedee country proper, the huts are in a very small proportion to the inhabitants, most of whom live in caves, either among the rocks at mountain bases or on the banks of streams. These latter, originally hollows scooped out in the concrete by the action of water, have been enlarged sometimes to a horizontal depth of thirty feet and more, proportionately wide, and six or eight feet high, sometimes divided into compartments for the cattle or separate families. Here they stow away firewood, grass, and grain. Their cattle cannot easily be carried off by marauding parties at night. They can leave the caves during the summer months for the winter residence, and *vice versa*, without fear of finding them a mass of dust and ashes on their return, as too often is the case with huts; and while in occupation, a few towers can defend great bodies of them. Another reason for the small number of huts is the great want of timber in these valleys. There is not a single pine-tree of any species in the Khyber, nor, as far as is yet known, in any other of the Afreedee valleys: no timber of any kind. The only trees worthy of the name are stunted oaks, the wild olive, and the acacia. The Safer^{*} Koh is covered with magnificent pines; but there are no wheeled conveyances, and no roads for them. Nor is there sufficient water-carriage anywhere; for though the central streams drain large areas, the water, as I have said before, often disappears under the bed of the watercourse, leaving that dry and pebbly. During the monsoon the streams become torrents for a few hours at a time; but in condition they are equally unfitted for navigation of any kind.

The cultivation of the soil is in the most primitive state, the yoke of lean oxen dragging a primitive plough, which scratches two-inch-deep furrows in the soil. No attempt is made at manuring. When ground is impoverished, it is allowed to lie fallow for some years. The rice cultivation, of course, needs more care; and no little ingenuity is at times exercised in conducting water to the desired locality.

The food of the Pathan consists of the usual *chappati* or hand-made cake of plain flour, baked in the ashes or in a small oven at the door of the hut, some salt, and *ghee*, or clarified butter, and mutton. Meat of all kinds is eaten when procurable. A

broken-legged or sickly bullock, if its throat can be cut with the usual prayer before its last gasp, or a stolen camel, often adds to the larder.

The chief pleasure of the Pathan is found in fighting. It is astonishing how rapidly the clansmen gather. All may be perfectly quiet in the villages; no sign of strife. Towards dusk a beacon-fire blazes up on some prominent hilltop, and shots are heard. These are responded to from the towers. Instantly every man snatches up his arms and his bag of flour, and hastens to the rendezvous; from thence to the scene of action. Two or three days are sufficient to gather thousands, all ready for a week's campaign at least. The cattle are driven by the boys; the women carry off the children and household goods to the nearest retreats in the hills. No luggage animals, no transport or commissariat officers, required. Each man carries his own food and ammunition, and at night wraps himself in his turban, or a spare sheet or blanket, and rolls close to the huge fires, or takes shelter under rock or tree, if not engaged from sunset to near sunrise in harassing the foe. If the affair is likely to last long, when there is more than one brother in the house, one goes out for a week, the other being ready to take his place next week; the same with father and son; or in cases of great emergency, all the able-bodied men join the chief, and the Davids of the family are sent in due time to inquire after their welfare, taking with them a fresh supply of *ata* (flour), and perhaps a few cheeses, not forgetting a gift for the khan, as in the days of Jesse and Saul.

The scenes at night round the Pathan watch-fires are weirdly picturesque, even among the ragged, treeless mountains of the Afreedees; still more so among the pine-clad slopes, backed with the eternal snows, in Swat and upper Hazara. On arriving at the bivouac, a sheet is laid under some giant tree for the chief; round him gather the clansmen. Some roll together huge logs, which soon form blazing masses of flame, rising high among the stately trunks of the pine-trees; some bring water to wash their feet; others knead dough into thick cakes and bake them on the ashes; while others search out the flocks of the nearest *goojurs*, the more gentle shepherds of the mountains, and secure a few goats or sheep and *ghurras* of buttermilk. The animals are soon *hullat'd* (throats cut), with the usual prayer to Allah, hacked into small pieces, these pieces skewered in rows on the iron

ramrods of the muskets and held in the flames till partly scorched. Then the pieces are torn off by ready fingers and greedily eaten in company with huge pieces of *chappati*, the whole washed down with great gulps of water or buttermilk. The meal done, the men circle round their fires, tell tales of murder or the chase, pass the *hookah* round and round, and smoke and talk till far into the night. Or at times the war drums and pipes strike up noisily some wild chant. A party draw their swords and take up their shields, circle round the fires, and to the beat of drum step in unison right and left, forward and backward, flashing the swords in the firelight, and strike their neighbors' shields. The music quickens; the dancers, gradually worked into phrenzy, scream and shout, leap and circle like teetotums, round and round, wilder, swifter; the echoes of the revels ring through the forests, the very trees seem to join the wild orgie, — till at length, wearied with their circling, the dancers with a long, wild howl sink exhausted on the ground. Sentries are placed, quietness and darkness gather round, till at length no sound strikes the ear but the gentle "hoot-hoot" of the owl, or some distant howl of a wolf or jackal. At early dawn they are up, and after a frugal meal are again on the march; or already the flames of some surprised hamlet rise in the air, mingled with "Allah, Allah!" of the contending parties.

Some thirty times have British troops been compelled to cross the frontier to punish now one tribe, now another, for their depredations. Occasionally a little tact might have prevented bloodshed. But more often military expeditions have not been resorted to by the authorities till every effort short of an attack in force has been made to bring the tribes to reason. The long forbearance of our government has generally been taken as a sign of weakness; and sooner or later it has been found necessary to send out the troops before matters could be satisfactorily arranged.

The first punishment for a raid usually adopted is the blockade — that is, small bodies of troops, police, or levies have been stationed along the frontier opposite the offending tribe, whose members are forbidden to enter British territory. All trade with the tribe has been put a stop to, in the hope that the inconveniences and loss resulting therefrom might induce them to seek a reconciliation. But as a rule, while on one side we close their trade routes, the other three sides are open to

them. They can continue to buy and sell as usual, either by intermediate transactions with their next-door neighbors or by individuals assuming for the time being the name of some adjoining tribe.

When this has failed, as is too often the case, a short military expedition through the country of the tribe has to be made — a raid, in fact. Villages and crops are burned, cattle sometimes taken, and perhaps a few prisoners, and the troops march back again. But these have generally been failures. So long as the troops advance the Pathans retreat, merely firing from advantageous points at the column or skirmishing parties. But as soon as a retreat is begun, every man who can carry a musket follows the retiring column, and harasses it till it has left the flaming villages far behind — our loss being generally much greater than that of the enemy; and our *prestige* for a time falls visibly. Our system of raiding has indeed been very successful, especially of late under the management of Major Cavagnari. When some one particular hamlet has offended, or when the walls of some small village *within a few hours' march of our border* have sheltered some noted outlaw, and permitted him to commit depredations in British villages, having this friendly refuge to fly to when pursued — then indeed, on some half-dozen occasions, Cavagnari has suddenly appeared in the quarters of the nearest regiment, generally the Guide Corps; has started at dusk with a few hundred cavalry or infantry; marched across country and into the hills all night; at early dawn reached and surrounded the village. At daybreak, a summons for the surrender of the criminal has been sent in. The Pathans woke up to find themselves entrapped, cried for pardon, agreed to all demands, gave up the delinquent, and accompanied the return march of the troops till British territory had again been entered. These little raids have been successful, but seldom the larger ones. A last resort has been, as in the Jowaki expedition, to collect a large force opposite the offending tribe — a force able to meet all possible opposition, well supplied with guns, ammunition, and commissariat; and bit by bit the country has been occupied and held — till the tribe, thoroughly humbled, came to terms. The Jowaki expedition was a successful affair of this stamp. The country was occupied or repeatedly overrun from November to March: then the Jowakis agreed to our modified terms. On one point, indeed, they hung out to the last, preferring rather to abandon their

country, from which they had been driven, than give up the criminals we demanded, who had taken refuge with them.

An advance into a Pathan valley will never succeed in humbling the tribe, unless the troops can remain there *as long as they please*. If it should be necessary to coerce the tribes who will become our subjects on the advancement of our frontier, some such system must be adopted; and as there are great facilities for its being done thoroughly, there is no reason why it should not be done if required. For instance, the Khyber can at any time be occupied. It is now in our hands, and might easily remain so, and with advantage. In its western portion, which is four thousand feet in elevation, a good cantonment could be formed to replace Peshawar. From Khyber to Bazar is only a few hours' journey. To reduce Bara, and subsequently Tirah, to subjection, a large force could be collected in Bazar, say seven thousand men, with three months' provisions. When all was ready, the Bara Jirgahs might be summoned. If they refused to come, five thousand men could be advanced in three or four columns over the few miles lying between Bazar and the crest of the range, shutting in Bara. Here the troops would be in an impregnable position, and the Bara villages at their mercy. If necessary, more provisions could be sent up; then an advance made into Maidan or upper Afreedee Tirah; from thence into the Oorakzai Tirah. The great point would be first to place the troops on crests of ranges or in open valleys where the enemy could not attack them without heavy loss; then to keep them there till the Jirgah submitted.

THE ROMANCE OF MISTRESS FRANCES
KENDRICK OF CALCOT HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER V.

MALICE.

MISTRESS FRANCES flushed with annoyance, and for a moment she felt inclined to avoid Sir Charles, but he raised his hat, and coming yet nearer he bowed.

"I called at the house, madam," he said, "and I was told that by following this grassed ride I should be sure to meet you. I trust you have recovered from last night's fatigues, but I need not ask, the bloom on your cheeks vouches for it; you are radiant as a Hebe, I vow."

Frances felt suddenly shy — all her self-possession grace had deserted her, for she feared Sir Charles might have overheard her last words.

He rode beside her, and went on talking as if nothing had occurred on the previous evening to disturb their friendship. Presently they came upon a herd of deer, with which the park was well stocked, and the pretty creatures scampered away at the sound of the horses' tread, looking like white and brown spots between the boles of the leafless elms.

Frances turned towards the house, and the conversation began to flag. At last Sir Charles said, —

"Did you enjoy the wedding yesterday?"

"Yes and no;" then she struck her horse lightly with the little whip she carried. "I must ask you to excuse me," she said, smiling, "I see that I am wanted," and she looked towards the house.

A stately old butler was standing on the terrace shading his eyes with his hand from the glare of the morning sunshine, and looking in all directions.

"Poor old Harrison is so blind," she said, and then she rode up the edge of the moat which surrounded the house.

The butler hurried down the stone steps and between the now empty garden beds, till he got within speech of his mistress, while Frances kept a waiting look on her face which checked further speech from Sir Charles.

"If you please, madam," the butler said, "Mistress Purley is awaiting you in the library."

"Mistress Purley! Is it possible that the dear old lady is still in existence?" Sir Charles exclaimed. "I shall be charmed to renew our acquaintance — she was a kind old soul. I will come in to see her if you will permit me, madam." Inwardly he cursed the person who had disturbed his tête-à-tête with the heiress, but there was no trace of vexation in his face as he assisted Mistress Frances to dismount at the hall-door, and followed her to the library.

Mistress Angelina Purley — for the good lady was a spinster in spite of more than one praiseworthy effort on her part to change her condition — had been the trusted friend of Lady Kendrick, who in dying had begged her to watch over her young daughter; for Frances had lost both her parents very early, and had been left ostensibly to the guardianship of her aunt, Lady Arderne. But there were four awkward, unattractive Miss Ardernes, some years older than the bright heiress of Cal-

cot Park, and it was not surprising that her cold, worldly aunt considered Frances a dangerous rival. In accordance with her father's eccentric will, Mistress Frances became her own mistress when only seventeen years old, and she then announced her intention of living alone at Calcot Manor House, without other chaperonage than that of Mistress Purley, her old friend and near neighbor. Lady Arderne did not oppose her niece's wish. She felt that if Frances lived alone she must of necessity live in seclusion — it would be time enough to provide her niece with a husband when all her own daughters were disposed of.

There was a set of rooms at the Manor House for Mistress Purley's use, but the old lady preferred to keep an independent house of her own, though she came every day to see Frances. She had come over to Calcot early this morning to hear an account of the wedding festivities.

She started up from her seat when she saw Frances, and gave her a hearty kiss. "You look ill, dear child," she cried; then perceiving that Mistress Frances was followed by a gentleman, she dropped a low curtsy and bridled till Frances introduced Sir Charles Knollys.

"Sir Charles Knollys," the old lady made another deep curtsy; "an uncle, I presume, or a relative of the young gentleman, your playfellow in former times, Mistress Frances?"

It was against Mistress Purley's code of manners to address her young friend more familiarly before a gentleman.

"Good faith, madam, spite of my antique look, I am myself that young gentleman." Sir Charles held out his hand — then, smiling at her evident discomfiture, "I hope the pleasure I feel at meeting so old a friend is reciprocated, dear Mistress Purley."

"I vow I am really pleased, Sir Charles," she bridled, but she looked confused and spoke fast, "only — but — I may say I am incredulous — I mean I am surprised at your rapid growth, Sir Charles. Have you not reached man's estate too quickly? — that is, I should say, outgrown your strength, I fear."

"My dear lady," Sir Charles was now laughing heartily, "I am seven-and-twenty; surely it is high time I had left off growing."

Mistress Purley pinched her lips together and shook her head.

"Now really, Sir Charles — seven-and-twenty! — now really you should not, but you were always droll. Still, even in jest

you should not advance your age — people will remember your words and forget that you spoke in jest."

"I am not jesting, dear madam, 'pon honor." He was bent on tormenting her. "Surely," he turned to Frances, who was listening with some amusement to his dispute with her old friend, "there must be a book somewhere in this old library where I can show you my age faithfully set down, not only mine, but yours, and this fair lady's as well" — he began to examine the bookshelves behind him.

Mistress Purley tossed her small head with an air of indifference, though inwardly alarmed at the threatened disclosure of her age. "Too, too, too, Sir Charles," she said, "the people who write books are, I am told, quite untrustworthy. They print many falsehoods on this subject of age even in the 'Peerage.'" Then, anxious to check his researches, "How did you enjoy the ball last night?" she added.

Sir Charles looked keenly at Mistress Frances. She colored, but she answered at once, —

"Oh, very much, Aunt Purley, indeed, thank you." Then seeing Sir Charles's eyes still fixed on her, her spirit was roused, and she went on gaily, "I thought it a charming evening, but I fancy you, Sir Charles, must have found it dull and tiresome after your gay London assemblies."

He bowed. "I know you disdain compliments, madam, but you have given me a fine opportunity."

"Which you seldom seem to need," she answered saucily, and her eyes sparkled. Mistress Purley's lips puckered with propriety.

"Now, my dear, my dear," she said anxiously, and she shook her fan at her young friend.

"There were several strangers at the ball," Sir Charles said.

Again he gave Frances a searching look, though he spoke carelessly.

Frances felt the warm color rush to her temples, and she stooped down to pat Mistress Purley's little pug-dog, who was amusing himself with the fringe of her long riding-coat.

Mistress Purley's curiosity was fully roused; her quick eyes took note of Sir Charles's manner, and of her favorite's blushes.

"Ladies or gentlemen, Sir Charles?" she said slyly.

He was quietly watching Frances.

"Both, madam, but there was one special gentleman from London. You danced with him more than once, I think, Mistress

Frances, and he doubtless told you his name on the second occasion."

His lips had a malicious curve in them. He was surprised to see Frances turn round and look him steadily in the face.

"Do you mean Mr. Benjamin Child, Sir Charles? He was the only stranger with whom I danced."

Her calmness so irritated him that he resolved to try its strength.

"If I may judge by the very pleasing discourse with which he afterwards favored me, you must have found him a charming partner — indeed, I wished to have improved the acquaintance of a gentleman so evidently honored by your good opinion, but your friends, Mr. Blgrave, Sir Francis Englefield, Sir Henry Wilder and the rest so besieged Mr. Child with their attentions that he had no ears for me."

"Well, now, I vow I am surprised," said Mistress Purley, "I thought those gentlemen were fonder of besieging ladies."

"Ha, ha!" Sir Charles laughed, "now, I dare swear, madam, you are all agog to hear what they talked upon to Mr. Child; it was a fair enough subject, but I must be discreet, you know. I might breed mischief unawares."

He paused to see the effect of his words, and looked full at Frances. She had risen, and she now walked away to the farthest window with stately steps, so angered by Sir Charles's impertinence that she could scarcely contain herself.

Mistress Purley looked round too, and seeing that Frances was out of hearing, snapped greedily at Sir Charles's bait.

"You may confide in me in all safety," she said coaxingly, "I never tell tales."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You must not blame me, dear madam. I tried my best to take our fair friend's part, when Mr. Child questioned me as to the accusation made against her."

"Accusation, Sir Charles!" Mistress Purley looked alarmed. "I protest I do not understand you."

"Do not agitate yourself, madam, I beg," he went on in a lower voice, "this accusation is not new; it appears that these gentlemen consider themselves ill-used and unfairly treated by Mistress Frances; you must know best whether they are right. I, as a new-comer and an outsider, flatly refused to believe that so fair a face can belong to so cold a heart, and I told this Mr. Child my opinion; but I was by evil chance too late. These discarded suitors, Sir Henry Wilder, Sir Francis Englefield, and the rest, had been firm and united in their story. They had

told him, to their shame be it said, that our fair friend was a cold-hearted flirt, that she tried to inspire love in every man she saw for the simple pleasure of refusing him. I do not wonder you look shocked, my dear madam. I did what I could, I said there were two sides to every tale; but Mr. Child, who is a pragmatist Londoner, refused to take the word of a stranger on the scene, against those of men who declared themselves the victims of the fair lady's vanity,—and so forth; and I fancy he left the ball thanking his stars that he had escaped heart-whole from the charms and snares of our sweet Frances. He plainly thought her a too dangerous attraction."

Mistress Purley had grown pale with fear. She sat agitated and perplexed, one finger pressed on her lips, thinking how she could best refute this calumny, the other drumming on her black paduasoy skirt; but as Sir Charles went on mingling his blame with judicious praise of Frances, she began to waver. She saw that, though he defended her darling in words and was evidently a staunch friend—for did he not *profess* himself such?—yet he implied a belief in the truth of the accusation, and when at last, flushed with eagerness, he bent down and whispered, looking handsomer than ever,—

"'Pon honor, it grieves me to the soul to breathe a word against so fair a creature," the old lady's mind misgave her altogether, and doubts of Frances took possession of her feeble soul. She had already thought it strange that her young friend had not wished for her company at this ball; was it possible that there had been something the child desired to hide from her?

Sir Charles kept his clever eyes fixed on the weak, troubled face. At last Mistress Purley burst out sobbing.

"Dear, dear! all this is terribly sad and foolish. This comes of a young girl, scarce out of the nursery, being let guide herself. Poor Sir William, he did it for the best; but it was a mistake, I knew it was. I'm sure I've tried hard to teach the dear child how to behave with decorum—well, well!" she whimpered and pulled out her handkerchief.

Sir Charles felt that he had done enough mischief, and he might now retire. He lounged carelessly up to the window where Mistress Frances stood.

"Farewell, dear madam," he said, "I grieve to find you in so serious a mood; may I venture to ask, is it fatigue or melancholy that oppresses you?"

Frances turned round, and her eyes brightened with anger.

"More likely vexation, sir," she said. "I have been sorely vexed and wearied this morning, and I am now vexed with myself that I have let so small a cause disturb me."

Sir Charles grew scarlet. "Next time, madam," he said, "I hope to find you better pleased with yourself," then he hurried away, and, biting his lip, made a low bow, and short work of his adieux to Mistress Purley.

As he cantered back to Reading, he was surprised at his own revengeful feelings. At the wedding breakfast he had been far more charmed with Frances Kendrick than he chose to own to himself, and while he danced with her his senses had become captivated by her grace and beauty and sprightly talk. Something deeper than even his vanity had been roused by Mr. Child's devoted manner, and the evident pleasure with which Mistress Frances had listened to this stranger, and it had been at Sir Charles's own instigation that the rejected suitors had poured out their complaints to Frances's partner, though Knollys had afterwards affected a lame defence of the fair heiress.

He had come over this morning to Calcot House divided between love and jealousy, but Mistress Frances's coldness had determined his feelings, and he resolved to destroy the interest which she had betrayed in Mr. Child.

"And if I ever see this lubberly fellow again, by the Lord Harry, I'll mark him for life; she shall take no more delight in his barber's block of a countenance."

He had just reached the quaint old town, and as he drew near the abbey, all thought of Mistress Kendrick suddenly vanished. An immense crowd had collected near the ruins, and a hawker, standing raised on a tub, was informing the gaping rustics, in a strong nasal twang, and also in broad country speech, of the glorious victory, news of which had just arrived.

"Fore George," Sir Charles exclaimed, "I must go back to town at once; there'll be a rare stir about this."

CHAPTER VI.

A RESOLUTION.

MISTRESS FRANCES left the library as soon as Sir Charles had departed, and did not come down-stairs again for some time. When she appeared she looked more charming than ever, spite of the languor in her eyes. She wore a white damask *negli-*

gée, a loose wrapping-gown trimmed with the palest blue, and this opening in front showed an underskirt of pale blue, trimmed with soft flounces of the same stuffs, the color adding brilliancy to her exquisite skin. The skirt hung closely, and as it was somewhat short in front, it showed her pretty little black shoes with their silver buckles and high red heels. She looked like sunshine, an embodiment of flowery spring, as she came into the old, gloomy room.

"Not reading, not working, Aunt Purley," for the old lady sat bolt upright with her mittened hands clasped in front of her, "how can you be so lazy?" she said saucily, while the pug looked up at her with an intelligent air of bewilderment, then stooping so as to bring those soft, exquisitely tinted cheeks near the withered, puckered face, she gave Mistress Purley a little shower of kisses, and gently pinched the old lady's ear.

"Why so miserable? Poor Ponto clearly thinks you are going to die. Come, auntie, come, no secrets from me, you know. Has the game-cock pecked the chicks again, or has the Angora cat gone astray? Poor old Lion, you don't understand such dismal looks." At his name the comical-faced pug jumped up on her and wagged his tail. "Come, Aunt Purley, out with it; you know you'll have to tell me sooner or later, so begin. What has Sir Charles been saying to you about me?" She took a chair facing Mistress Purley, and fixed her eyes gravely upon the troubled old face.

Mistress Purley began to stammer, "Oh dear—dear—dear, my poor child, what is to be done?" She took out her handkerchief, but the laughing girl snatched it out of her hand, then she hesitated, but Frances shook her head and looked grave, at last in words that stumbled one against another, she began to repeat some of Sir Charles's confidences. She sighed deeply between each sentence. But no answer came from Frances.

"Good Lord," the old lady went on, "'twas different when I was young—then if a girl had taken half the freedoms 'tis said you have used, Frances, she'd not have dared hold up her head at a ball. I cannot tell, I cannot indeed."

Frances flung herself on her knees before her, "You must tell me all," she said.

"Now 'tis all changed, child, girls judge for themselves, and give pert answers and flout men till they vex them into saying all manner of ill of them. Oh, 'tis a sad change of manners!" here she put her

handkerchief to her eyes, for she expected that Frances would fly into a passion. But instead she sat listening till Mistress Purley ended her confidences with her handkerchief still at her eyes.

Still no words came from the young girl; presently there was a deep, shuddering sob.

Mistress Purley looked up briskly, the bright sunny head was clasped in the fair hands, and tears were falling on the pale blue skirt.

"My dear, my poor dear child!" Up jumped the little old lady and put a thin, trembling hand on Frances's heaving shoulder, "Too, too, too—there—there, my poor lamb;" but the shoulder was turned from her, and a decided shake of the head bade her desist. She waited awhile, and then she tried scolding and soothing and petting by turns, but all were useless, Frances wept uncontrollably, with bitter, deep-drawn sobs.

At last her grief seemed spent, her sobs grew quiet; all at once she turned to the discomfited Mistress Purley.

"What a goose I am! The truth is I am quite overdone with fatigue and excitement, yesterday was the first wedding I ever attended, and it shall be the last," she said, smiling and shaking the bright hair back from her tear-stained face; "people should take two days to get married in, if every one has to work so hard in making merry. Now, farewell, Aunt Purley, I shall go lie down and rest."

Mistress Purley had been giving utterance to a sort of clucking, intended to express regret. She looked guilty, too, for conscience reproached her with having perhaps judged too hardly and hastily.

"I cannot leave you while you are in trouble, dear love," she said. "Yes, you had better lie down, and I shall sit beside you till you fall asleep. I will not speak a word."

"Very well," said Frances, resolutely, "then I stay here; I certainly shall not even try to lie down till you are out of the house. Come again to-morrow, if you choose, Aunt Purley; but you must go away now, or I stay here."

She fixed her eyes resolutely on her old friend, and after a few more remonstrances Mistress Purley kissed her very tenderly, and bade her go to bed at once; then the spinster went back to her cottage full of lamentation that Sir William Kendrick should have made so eccentric a will, and that such a lovely spoiled child should be at liberty to guide herself, "Misguide, I should rather say," she said sadly, and her

tears began again; but when this burst of regret had spent itself, the good old lady did not feel quite so satisfied with herself as usual. She felt that she had believed in Sir Charles too readily — she ought to have silenced him.

Frances went to her room as soon as she was alone, and gave orders that she was not to be disturbed; but she had no intention of going to sleep, she wanted solitude, she felt altogether roused out of herself, and she longed for quiet in which to think.

She had often pondered her lonely life, and though her mind was too bright and too elastic to mourn over it, except as regarded the loss of her parents, lately there had come a strange, unaccustomed longing for sympathy, a sympathy different from the tepid intercourse she had hitherto had with neighbors and acquaintances; and every day it seemed to her that she jarred with the tastes and sentiments she heard and expressed, that this new chord or want in her nature thrilled every day more strongly through her.

Suddenly at the ball last night it seemed as if this inward craving had found response. All these longings after what she had thought an impossible ideal had been satisfied. All the soft, tender fibres of her nature had been laid bare, and were ready to vibrate at the breath of love. She almost worshipped her conqueror, for not only had he inspired these delicious sensations, but he had proved to her that the ideal she had created was no mere conjuration of a girl's fancy, but a living reality. And he also had seemed to find full sympathy in her. She could have sworn she saw anger in his eyes when Sir Charles came and broke in on their talk. And now, what had happened? Before this germ of preference for her had time to root, in the very hour of its beginning, she had been slandered to him, so slandered that he would set down every sympathetic word, every responsive glance she had given him, to coquetry and falsehood.

She walked up and down her room in fast-increasing anger, her heart swelled against the treachery that had been practised, for she intuitively guessed the share Sir Charles Knollys had taken in defaming her.

"Oh, it is hard!" she said passionately, "if all the world had slandered Mr. Child to me, I should not have believed a word without proof; how could he believe the tales of these foolish men? strangers to him, too, for he told me he knew no one

at the ball. Ah, my folly! what is he but a man himself, and how could I trust him, what right have I to believe in him?"

She walked up and down faster, asking herself over and over again, by what right she could expect Mr. Child's disbelief in these tales against her: "What knowledge had he of me? He did not come near me afterwards. But does he believe them? — yes, he does; and if he does believe the slander, he will just go to London, without stopping to see me again."

At last she stopped, and flinging out her arms she cried passionately, —

"But I have a right that he should trust me, that he should believe in me; till I saw him, my heart beat stilly, all men were the same to me, and now — now all is changed; how does he dare destroy my peace and fill me with these unquiet thoughts and throbbings, and yet go on his own way free; he has robbed me of my happy life, and I will have some redress." She stamped her foot angrily on the oak floor; the hollow sound that came back seemed to mock her; she smiled at her own vehemence.

"How silly I am! what can I do?" she asked. "I cannot make him love me against his will. Ah no! men must despise unsought affection, and turn from it with disgust; but if he saw me again, cleared from the slur of these black falsehoods, would he not, might he not —"

She clasped her hands over her eyes, she longed to frame in the delightful vision that presented itself, and she stood still wrapped in this happy, more hopeful mood.

But, sighing, she soon roused.

"No," she said sadly. "No man has a right to act as he acted last night; he tried to steal my heart out of my body by every means in his power; and then, because he heard me falsely accused, he turned his back on me and condemned me unheard. He did not seek me again, and he might have done so before I left the room. No, unless I regain my peace, and that quickly, I must evermore hate Mr. Benjamin Child."

CHAPTER VII.

MISTRESS PURLEY'S COUNSEL.

AT breakfast next morning Frances's heavy eyelids and pale cheeks told tales of sleeplessness; she had had a wakeful and feverish night. But when Mistress Purley came tripping into the room almost as if she were in her teens, the girl ran for-

ward to greet her with all her usual gaiety.

"How bright you look this morning, Aunt Purley!" She took the old lady by the shoulders and kissed her heartily, and indeed the spinster's delicate face glowed with rosy color, her pretty eyes sparkled, and it seemed as if the dark front of curls flattened on her still fair forehead reflected the morning sunshine. "But, my dear thing," Frances went on, unfastening the huge black silk hood which surrounded her friend's face, and made a very becoming frame for it, "you smother yourself up till I wonder you're not stifled."

Mistress Purley laughed, but she shivered when she was freed from her wrappings, and proceeded to feel with both hands whether her towering cap was safely fixed on her head; then she glanced down at her black paduasoy gown, shook out her skirts and pulled her mittens straight over her small, thin knuckles, and finally went through sundry evolutions with her fan.

"Now shall we adjourn to the library, my love?" she said with an air of business, and off she trotted, her small, erect figure perfectly straight in its outlines, looking yet stiffer against the graceful curves of Frances, while Lion the pug trotted on importantly in front as a guide.

When they reached the library, Mistress Purley seated herself, and taking her "knotting" out of a black velvet reticule, she seemed for some moments absorbed in her task.

Meantime Mistress Frances walked up listlessly to a nosegay of snowdrops set in a blue and white china pot drilled full of holes, and bending over them seemed to smell them.

"Snowdrops don't smell, my dear." The good woman's eyes seemed fixed on her knotting, but she was watching Frances curiously from under the lids. "And how pale and heavy-eyed you look, child; I dare venture you have not slept a wink."

Frances did not answer. She moved away to the window, and stood there, tapping one finger idly against the glass.

"Come, come," she said gaily over her shoulder, "don't coddle me and moan over me, Aunt Purley, or I shall run away and go off on Dapple and canter a color into my cheeks."

"Yes, child, 'tis wonderful what a color the fresh air gives"—Mistress Purley was eager to seize the opportunity offered—"a sweet rosy color you had truly when you came in yesterday, and so, for that

matter, had Sir Charles. What a fine, handsome fellow he is!"—she paused for an answer—"so droll, too, I warrant he has an excellent wit. I hope he will soon be here again, my dear."

Frances turned round. There was plenty of color in her face now; her cheeks were scarlet with anger.

"Sir Charles Knollys will never enter this house again with my good will," she said vehemently. "He is a conceited, presuming coxcomb, and spiteful, too, man though he calls himself."

The knotting dropped into Mistress Purley's lap, and she clasped her hands in shocked wonder.

"Ah, my dear, my dear," she cried beseechingly. "I do entreat you, be careful. Such words are not fit for your lips, Frances, they are vastly ungenteel."

"Ungenteel!" the girl's well-marked eyebrows knit angrily, and she stamped her foot with such emphasis that the pug actually roused himself to stand up and bark. "I do wonder at you, Aunt Purley," and then the genuine alarm in the foolish, pretty, old face provoked a laugh, and Mistress Kendrick checked herself.

"Oh, well, never mind the paltry fellows; you know, dear, I hate contradiction," she said. "I hate things to happen against my will, and it chafes me to think of the spitefulness of these gentlemen."

She had crossed the room while speaking, and now she flung herself down carelessly on the rug at Mistress Purley's feet.

Mistress Purley hesitated and gave a little cough. "My dear child," she said at last, "I have been young myself, and I"—she bridled, and a pretty rose-color crept into her faded cheeks, "well, I have had lovers in my time, aye, plenty of 'em, Frances; I never would consent to marriage, you know," she shook her head with pitying superiority, "but I kept the balance even between 'em all, child, and yet I remember if they fancied, only *fancied*, my dear, that I showed the smallest favor to one in preference to the others, the rest of the poor fellows would be driven to desperation. Poor fellows!" she fumbled in her reticule for her pocket-handkerchief, "some of 'em are dead now." Frances bent down to play with Lion to hide the smile she felt rising, but Mistress Purley went on to point the moral of her recollections. "This, my dear, is just what happened to you at Lady Arderne's ball, and I must say, child, it was really your own fault."

"How, madam?" Frances left off teas-

ing Lion and sat upright, though she still kept her face turned away from the old lady. "Do you mean to say that the calumnies you have been told were founded on truth?"

"La, child, how you frighten me! You must not be so hot-blooded and hasty, I protest; you take up things so strongly. I did not mean such a thing. I meant that if you wish to live quietly, you must treat all men alike, give each a kind word and a smile in his turn. Keep the balance even, child, and then there can be no room for scandal."

Frances clasped her fingers round her knee and laughed.

"Good heavens, I have done this precisely, for I like none of my suitors, so I am barely civil to one among 'em. But see here, Aunt Purley," a gentler tone came into her voice and her face drooped over the hands that still clasped her knees, "suppose one's inclination should ever lead one to prefer one lover to the rest, what is one to do? the heart will show its feelings." Mistress Purley shook her head and closed her lips tightly.

"Ah, my dear child, there it is," she said warningly. "In my time well-bred young women never knew that they had inclinations and hearts. Hearts, indeed! most dangerous things let me tell you, Frances, dangerous to have and still more dangerous to think about; bless me, they are the sort of things which a virtuous girl should not have in her own keeping at all." Here her head waggled, and she looked as if she wanted fanning.

Frances glanced up archly, and broke into a merry laugh; she turned round and rested her hands on Mistress Purley's lap.

"Dear Aunt Purley, it does me good to hear you talk, and to get such good advice. Do tell me," she said mischievously, "to whom did you give your heart and inclination just to keep, you know, when you were too young to take care of them yourself?"

Mistress Purley shook her head, and held up her finger at the lovely, sparkling face: "Fie, you are a saucy child, and I see what you mean, but you misconceive me. I was telling you that in my day a young woman would not have thought of disposing of such things, or, indeed, thought about them at all, till her parents or guardians presented to her some well-chosen gentleman as her future husband."

"Ah, how nice that must have been! But, dear aunt," said Frances demurely, "what can I do? you know I cannot help my orphaned state."

"No more could I, my dear," said the old lady with some vivacity, "I was not an heiress, but like you I was left at an early age alone and independent, and yet you see I did not entangle my heart or my inclinations, child." She drew up her head and pinched her lips together. "I did not consider it right for a single woman to possess any such things."

"Well, but," Frances laughed and blushed, "suppose when I discover mine I make them over to you, will you find some very discreet person to entrust them to?"

Mistress Purley beamed and bridled with satisfaction.

"With the greatest possible pleasure, child. That's just what I mean. I protest this would be the safest plan." She hesitated, and then smoothing down her apron with her mittened thumbs, she said slyly, "But now, my-dear, what think you really of Sir Charles Knollys?"

Frances's color fled. All her trouble rolled back in a huge wave of wretchedness. She rose up hastily and turned her back on the spinster.

"I said some one 'discreet'; Sir Charles Knollys is neither discreet nor honest; besides he is as good as married already," she said angrily.

"Married! la, my dear, and who is the lady?"

"His intended is a faded beauty with some wealth, Mistress Caroline Courtenay. O Aunt Purley," she said wearily, "how can you sit there wasting this lovely sunshine? Come out on the terrace with me directly, and make this fat old dog of yours come out too."

CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT PURLEY'S COMMISSION.

THE cold weather had fled, first spring had come sprinkling the trees and hedges with tender green powder, and then with exquisite wrinkled leaves, and these had smoothed their wrinkles as the days grew longer and the sunshine added warmth to its brightness. The trees perhaps were a trifle too leafy, and had lost the tender coloring of that first burst into life, which sets the heart dancing with delight on a fine spring morning; but it was early June, and every shrub and tree that can boast a blossom worth showing, was trying one against another to gain the prize of beauty.

But while the glades of her park had been beautifying themselves, and while her garden plots had grown gay with flow-

ers, Mistress Kendrick had faded like an autumn leaf.

As weeks and months passed by, she had grown pale and languid; she lost all relish for her favorite pursuits, her harpsichord was now rarely touched, her flowers were left to fade and die. It seemed as if even Dapple noticed the change in his young mistress. Instead of her frolicsome canters in Calcot Park, she now ambled pensively along its avenues, except now and then, when finding the struggle with her feelings beyond endurance, Frances started him off in a furious gallop, hoping that the rapid change of external objects might produce the same vivid transition in her thoughts.

But the relief was only momentary, the dart of love was too strongly barbed to be withdrawn thus easily, for with shame Frances had at last confessed to herself that this ever-present trouble was love.

She confessed its presence, and she thought of Sir Henry Wilder with feelings near akin to remorse. "The others only wanted my money," she said, "but he, poor fellow, how sad he looked that wedding-day!" But she would not yield herself wholly up to love's dream. She struggled on indignant at what she termed a slavish weakness; she strove with all the strength of her will to displace the idol that each day she felt engrossed her more entirely.

But this continued struggle had begun seriously to affect her health as well as her looks.

Mrs. Purley, albeit not very observing, noticed the change in her favorite, and one morning proposed to call in the doctor.

"Neither doctors nor their stuff for me, Aunt Purley," Mistress Kendrick said positively. "I don't believe in 'em to begin with. They know no more than I do."

This scene had been more than once repeated, and now, on this bright day of early June, Mistress Purley came into the library. The sunshine, streaming in at the open windows, fell on the fair face of Frances Kendrick, and showed how sunken were her cheeks, and the feverish light that burned in her blue eyes. She looked wan and haggard in comparison with the radiant, blooming girl that had teased "Aunt Purley," as she called her, three months ago.

She got up and smiled at her visitor, but the old lady's eyes had seen the previous look of suffering, and tears filled them as she tenderly kissed Frances.

"My child, my child," she said, quite moved out of herself by the sudden fear that had seized her at the pitiful sight, "you must see the doctor, you must indeed, you will die if you go on like this. Oh! my beloved Frances, let me go myself to Reading and find Doctor French; at least he will say what ails you."

The old lady's sudden and unusual passion moved the sick girl, weakened by her sleepless nights and unquiet days, and more than all by the constant self-reproach of having given her love to a man who was almost a stranger to her. She burst into tears, and hiding her face on Mistress Purley's shoulder, she wept for some minutes.

The old lady twittered and fluttered.

"Poor dear! poor thing! there, there now! come, dear child, cheer up now!" But the flood of grief, so long sealed from outward eyes, would have its way, and the girl cried till she seemed to be, like Undine, weeping herself away.

Mistress Purley fidgeted and fumbled in her dress. Too, too, too! Bless my soul," she said, "and my vinaigrette not in my pocket—too, too!—just like it to go astray!"

At last the series of indescribable sounds by which she expressed her vexation roused Frances. She lifted her head, caught sight of Mistress Purley's perturbed face, and burst out laughing.

"Good heavens!" cried the spinster, who began to fear the girl was losing her senses, "there, there, now quiet yourself, my love, or you will be in the hysterics before I can help you. Oh, dear, dear, it is wickedly wrong, it is, indeed, my dear; when people can't tell what's the matter with 'em they must have a doctor to tell 'em; the very sight of a doctor does one good. Now, look here, my love," and she patted Frances's hand, "I'm wanting much to-day to do some shopping in Reading; you'll wish me to see Doctor French when I'm there, now, won't you, Frances?"

Mistress Kendrick had grown quiet, but she shook her head and stood thinking.

As she thought, her head, at first erect, bent lower and lower, and a burning blush covered her face; then, looking towards Mistress Purley, she met her eager, surprised gaze, and turned away.

Mistress Purley longed to urge her point, but long habit had taught her the strength of her young friend's will, and with a deep sigh and a shrug of her thin shoulders, she seated herself in her accustomed chair, fixed her glasses firmly, and

began the everlasting knotting she kept at Calcot House.

Every now and then she glanced out of doors at the sunshine, and tapped her foot with some impatience.

"Too, too, too," she clucked, "such a fine day for choosing colors, to be sure; isn't it, Lion? I protest 'tis a pity," she murmured, "and it may cloud over to-morrow."

All at once Frances came up to her, smiling.

"Do you really want to go shopping, aunt? well, then, I will order the coach for you, and," she said with studied carelessness, "you can, if you will, undertake a commission for me also."

The old lady was in a flutter of delight.

"That will please me vastly, child," she said, "what can I do for you?"

"You might ask, you know," the girl looked straight at the books, but she spoke out boldly and quickly, "about Mr. Lyndford the attorney, whether he is old or young, and whether his friend, Mr. Benjamin Child, will stay with him for Whitsuntide, and whether Mistress Lucy Lyndford is at home. I'm told she's vastly handsome."

Mistress Purley stared, she felt utterly puzzled, and yet, though she thought the request strange, almost indecorous, her heart was so touched by the change in her favorite's looks that she could not refuse her request.

"I cannot disoblige you in anything, my dear; though you give me no reason for these inquiries, I feel sure you have a reason," she said gravely; "but Mr. Lyndford is still unmarried, so you know I must go to work discreetly; people are so evil-tongued," she coughed behind her mitted hand, "they might misjudge me, they might fancy I had a *personal* interest in asking questions about this gentleman."

Frances stopped her mouth with kisses.

"You dear old thing, you are too good to live, you will do it all right, I know; ask just these questions for me then."

She hurried Mistress Purley's departure, and when she was safely seated in the lumbering vehicle, Frances put in her head and kissed her again.

"Learn all you can—there's a dear—about these Lyndfords—and—and—Mr. Child," she whispered, "and your news will do me more good than fifty doctors would." Then she ran away without waiting to see her old friend start.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION.*

THE scope of this Institute is so wide that it offers a very large choice of subjects to those who address the students on these occasions, and I dare say it often happens that those who come here to address you take advantage of the opportunity to ventilate some educational hobby of their own. The presidents who have taken this chair in succession have certainly not all recommended the same kind of studies or taken the same line generally in their addresses on education; and perhaps you will wonder what will be the line which he who is presiding on this occasion is likely to take. I have seen some of the addresses which have been delivered on previous occasions—addresses uttered by gentlemen who could speak with an educational authority which I could not command. Some have passed useful and practical criticisms on the books used by you and on special courses of intellectual study. Others, speaking with regard to science and art, have given most valuable advice in connection with those departments of this Institute which are connected with South Kensington. I do not propose to follow quite the same course; I wish to speak to you this evening as a man of business, but I hope I may say as a man of business who knows what he owes to a public school and university education.

I am about, then, to address you as a man of business, and, as I am speaking to the youth of this business city of Liverpool, and am bound to bear in mind that a great many of you are connected with business of one kind or another, I dare say you will expect that I am prepared to make a good, business-like speech; that I am about to recommend, in preference, the study of modern languages, of bookkeeping, and of arithmetic; and that I shall certainly warn you against those studies of which many people say, "What is their use?" And perhaps you may think that I shall wind up with some eloquent generalizations, speak of the danger of foreign competition with regard to our trade, point out to you that you must increase your taste and knowledge so as to be able to compete more successfully with foreign countries; and finally appeal to you on behalf of technical education and sweeping reforms in your commercial schools. If your expectation is that such is the course I shall adopt this evening, possibly you

* An address delivered by the Rt. Hon. Geo. J. Goschen, M.P., at the Liverpool Institute.

may be disappointed. To use a familiar expression, this is not at all the line which I propose to take. I need not assure you that I am conscious of your local surroundings. I believe I know, or at least can imagine, the future that many of you intend to carve out for yourselves. I know the connection of Liverpool, and of Liverpool men, with business; but, nevertheless, conscious as I am of these considerations, I shall not hesitate to place some opinions before you as regards certain educational ideas, and certain sides of training, which may at first sight surprise you, but which I shall nevertheless ask you, very confidently, to lay to heart.

I wish to bring out very clearly a point of view on which I have a strong feeling. I wish to warn you of the danger of a too utilitarian education, and to insist on other tests as to the value of the instruction you receive besides its direct and immediate bearing on your prospects in life. If your aim in connection with this Institute is mainly professional, even in the best sense of the word — if it is directed less to your whole lives than to your careers — if your exclusive object is to qualify yourselves for bread-winning, a high and worthy object, but not the only object, of education even to the poorest man; if such are your aims, and the aims of those who influence you, possibly there will be some headshaking over my address this evening. For I stand here to plead a different cause, though certainly not an antagonistic cause to what I have described. I have read many addresses on the subject of technical education — speeches in which useless branches of study are denounced; and doubtless we have been behindhand in many respects. We know the splendid work done by many devoted friends of education who are determined that the producing powers of this country shall not be hampered in the race by the want of that special knowledge and taste in which our neighbors may be apt to outstrip us. I honor them, and wish them "God-speed;" but, at the same time, I wish to remember that there is another side yet to educational work. I hold that in intellectual matters, as well as in religious life, man cannot live on bread alone. I wish one of the key-notes of what I may say to you this evening to be — that a livelihood is not a life. Education must deal with your lives as well as qualify you for your livelihoods. I think you will hold that education must do more for you than enable you to win your bread, outstrip your neighbors, increase your business,

and enable you to marry and bring up a family. I want education to ennoble, to brighten, and to beautify your lives. I wish it to increase your pleasures and your powers of happiness. I wish it to multiply your resources. I wish education to do that for the life which lies beyond and outside of your own work which, by common consent, it must do for your work itself. And, therefore, while others plead on behalf of useful knowledge — and mind, I sympathize with them as well — I wish a hearing to be given also to another side of education which may not have an immediate marketable use, but which, nevertheless, you cannot afford to neglect. I wish to speak to-night on behalf of the cultivation of the imaginative faculties in the broadest sense of the term; and I am not afraid to speak thus before a Liverpool audience and as a business man, because I will not admit an antagonism between business and cultivation; I will not admit that the cultivation of the imaginative faculties disqualifies men and women for the practical duties of life. Indeed, I hold that the cultivation of the imagination amongst all classes whom such an education can reach is not only important to the young themselves as increasing their happiness, but important to the nation as qualifying them to become better citizens and fitting them to take a useful and noble part in our national duties. And I beg the most humble and poorest amongst you not to think I am going to talk over your heads to-night. I address these words in favor of the cultivation of the imagination to the poorest and most humble in the same way that I address them to the wealthiest and those who have the best prospects in life. I will try not to make the mistake which doctors commit when they recommend patients in receipt of £2 a week to have recourse to champagne and a short residence at the seaside.

In what sense, then, do I use the word imagination? Johnson's "Dictionary" shall answer. I wish you particularly to note the answer Johnson gives as regards the meaning of "imagination." He defines it as "the power of forming ideal pictures;" "the power of representing absent things to ourselves and to others." Such is the power which I am going to ask you, confidently, to cultivate in your schools, by your libraries, at home, by every influence which I can gain for the cause; and I hope I shall be able to carry you with me, and show you why you should cultivate that power. I repeat, it is the power of forming ideal pictures, and of representing ab-

sent things to yourselves and to others. That is the sense in which I shall use the word imagination in the course of my address. Now, follow out this thought, and I think I can make my meaning clear. Absent things! Take history. History deals with the things of the past. They are *absent*, in a sense, from your minds — that is to say you cannot see them; but the study of history qualifies you and strengthens your capacity for understanding things that are not present to you, and thus I wish to recommend history to you as a most desirable course of study. Then, again, take foreign countries — travels. Here, again, you have matters which are absent, in the physical sense, from you; but the study of travels will enable you to realize things that are absent to your own minds. And as for the power of forming ideal pictures, there I refer you to poets, dramatists, and imaginative writers, to the great literature of all times and of all countries. Such studies as these will enable you to live, and to move, and to think, in a world different from the narrow world by which you are surrounded. These studies will open up to you sources of amusement which, I think I may say, will often rise into happiness. I wish you, by the aid of the training which I recommend, to be able to look beyond your own lives, and have pleasure in surroundings different from those in which you move. I want you to be able — and mark this point — to sympathize with other times, to be able to understand the men and women of other countries, and to have the intense enjoyment — an enjoyment which, I am sure, you would all appreciate — of mental change of scene. I do not only want you to know dry facts; I am not only looking to a knowledge of facts, nor chiefly to that knowledge. I want the heart to be stirred as well as the intellect. I want you to feel more and live more than you can do if you only know what surrounds yourselves. I want the action of the imagination, the sympathetic study of history and travels, the broad teaching of the poets, and, indeed, of the best writers of other times and other countries, to neutralize and check the dwarfing influences of necessarily narrow careers and necessarily stunted lives. That is the point which you will see I mean when I ask you to cultivate the imagination. I want to introduce you to other, wider, and nobler fields of thought, and to open up vistas of other worlds, whence refreshing and bracing breezes will stream upon your minds and souls.

I reject the theory which regards as "stuff and nonsense" all that does not really bear on the immediate practical duties of life. I struggle against the view which assails higher and deeper, aye, and more amusing studies with that shibboleth which we all know so well — "What is the use of all this to us practical men-of-business?" Mind, I do not decline that challenge. I will speak of the *use* by-and-by. I will show that the course of training I recommend *is* of the greatest possible practical use; but meanwhile I lay in a protest that this is not the only result by which training can be tried. Its marketable use is not the only test, or even the chief test, to which we ought to look in education; and I decline to have these courses of studies simply tried by the bearing they may have on the means of gaining a livelihood. And here I think you may fairly note the difference between what I am asking you to do and what many others ask you to do. While I want you to acquire the power of representing to yourselves absent things, many persons, with more authority to speak than I have, beseech you to study what lies around you. The promoters of physical science, for instance, entreat you not to neglect the phenomena which surround you on every side, and ask you to analyze nature, to make use of nature, to turn nature to your purposes, to your greater comfort and power. It would be unjust if I were to omit to say that they also recommend the study of physical science for its ennobling and educational influence on the mind; and I say all honor to these studies. But let another field of work not be neglected — the cultivation of the power of forming ideal pictures and of representing things absent to yourselves and to others.

And do not believe for one moment — I am rather anxious on this point — that the cultivation of this faculty will disgust you or disqualify you for your daily tasks. I hold a very contrary view. I spoke just now of mental change of scene; and as the body is better for a change of scene and a change of air, so I believe that the mind is also better for occasional changes of mental atmosphere. I do not believe that it is good either for men or women always to be breathing the atmosphere of the business in which they are themselves engaged. You know how a visit to the seaside sometimes brings color to the cheeks and braces the limbs. Well, so I believe that that mental change of scene which I recommend will bring color into your minds, will brace you to greater ac-

tivity, and will in every way strengthen both your intellectual and your moral faculties. I want you—if I may use the phrase—to breathe the bracing ozone of the imagination. And over what worlds will not fancy enable you to roam?—the world of the past, ideal worlds, and other worlds beyond your sight, probably brighter worlds, possibly more interesting worlds than the narrow world in which most of us are compelled to live; at all events, different worlds and worlds that give us change.

And now let me answer an objection which I know is in all your minds, though you may be too complimentary to give audible expression to it. You are no doubt saying to yourselves, "What in the name of common sense does Mr. Goschen mean? If he thinks that the cultivation of the imagination be better than a knowledge of facts—if it be better to analyze absent things rather than study things present—why, then, not leave imagination to do its work? Our lads and lasses may like this idle doctrine well enough, but why foist it on our business-like Institute?" I will attempt to grapple with this objection. But before I do so I have got one more preliminary remark to make. I am so keen about the cultivation of the imagination that I wish to press into its service, not only the influence of an Institute like this, but home influences—the influence that fathers and mothers may be able to bring to bear upon their children—the influence of every one who has a library—the influence of every one who can speak to the young—even pulpit influence I would exhort to assist in this work, because the cultivation of the imagination is certainly on the side of religion and religious education. And I want to begin very early. Full of my wish to make all familiar with great worlds or little worlds differing from their own, I hold decided opinions even upon the subject of nursery and schoolboy literature. The imagination is roused even when children are very young, and often the first lessons that are given to young children are of great importance in their after lives. You will expect, perhaps, that, with that disregard of useful knowledge of which I may stand accused, I am sure to be in favor of indiscriminate story-books as appealing to the imagination, and that I preach up the merits of works of fiction promiscuously. This would not represent my feeling in the least. I wish to point out to you that works of fiction, unfortunately, are frequently without any imagination at all. Many is the three-volume novel which you

can read through from beginning to end, and your mind will not be lit up with one spark of imagination. What do some of these writers do? They do that against which I protest. I can bring out my hobby, by enlarging on this point. They photograph daily life. They do not introduce their readers to anything beyond daily life. In fact, what course do they take? They describe characters precisely like the people whom they see every day; they describe the very clothes worn by the people whom you meet every day; they describe the very words which may be addressed to themselves; the very smiles which may be smiled at themselves; they describe the very love which they hope may be made to themselves or to their sisters; and then, at the end, they think they have written a novel. Well, that may be fiction, but it is not imagination. Why, they have not "the power to form ideal pictures," or "to represent to themselves or to others absent things." They only deal with the present. Such novelists do not carry their readers to other worlds. They do not cultivate the imagination of their readers. I think this illustration will give you some glimpse of that at which I am driving. What I want for the young are books and stories which do not simply deal with our daily life. I prefer "Alice in Wonderland," as a book for children, to those little stories of "Tommies" and "Freddies," which are but little photographs of the lives of "Tommies" and "Freddies" who read the books. I like Grimm's "Fairy-Tales" better than little nursery novelettes. I like the fancy even of little children to have some larger food than images of their own little lives; and I confess I am sorry for the children whose imaginations are not sometimes stimulated by beautiful fairy tales, or by other tales which carry them to different worlds from those in which their future will be passed. Doubtless boys and girls like photographs of the sayings and doings of other boys and girls—school life sketched with realistic fidelity—and doubtless many young people like love-stories similar to those through which they may have to pass themselves. But there is little imagination in all this. The facts are fictitious, but the life is real. Do not misunderstand me. It is not that I wish to combine instruction with amusement in what is often a hopeless alliance. I do not wish to stint young people of amusing books. But I will tell you what I do like for boys and girls. I like to see boys and girls amuse themselves with tales of adven-

ture, with stories of gallant deeds and noble men, with stories of the seas, of mountains, of wars, with descriptions of scenes different from those in which they live. But I will make an exception. Sometimes contemporary stories are told with such genial nobleness of aim, and with such purity of spirit, that they are of high moral and mental value; and certainly I should be sorry that any man should deny a boy the intense enjoyment of reading "Tom Brown's School-Days," nor would I grudge a girl the deep pleasure and interest of reading the fortunes of "The Heir of Redclyffe." No doubt stories of our daily lives may frequently be made to answer great and noble purposes, but still, as a general rule, and looking generally to the literature for the young, I hold that what removes them more or less from their daily life is better than what reminds them of it at every step. I like boys to read, for instance, "The Last of the Mohicans" — to sail across the sea with Captain Marryat's tars. I like them to read the tales of the Crusades, or of our own border wars — books of travel in the north, the Arctic regions, in the south, the east, and the west. I like them, in short, to read anything rather than realistic prose, exaggerated or even faithful descriptions of their life of every day. Remember what I am driving at is the cultivation of the power of representing things different from those amongst which we live.

But all this, you will say, is scarcely educational. I maintain, however, that it is educational in a certain sense. The books which are read in the leisure hours are sometimes as educational even as those which are read in the times of study. But I will now apply myself to the studies over which this Institute has an influence, and I will grapple boldly with my task. You will see that I have hitherto seemed to jumble up fairy-tales and history — travels and simple creations of the brain. To my mind they all do a certain work in common. But when I come to serious educational work, let me single out history for special remark. I am an enthusiast for the study of history, and I entreat you to give it as much attention as you can at this place. You will see that my whole argument tends to the study of history and of general literature, not for the sake of the facts alone, not for mere knowledge, but for their influence on the mind. History may be dry and technical if you confine yourself to the chronological order of facts — if you study only to know what actually

took place at certain dates. I am sure we have all suffered from the infliction of skeleton histories — excellent tests of patience, but I am afraid as little exciting to the imagination as any other study in which any one can possibly engage. What I am looking to is rather the coloring of history — the familiarity with times gone by, with the characters, the passions, the thoughts and aspirations of men who have gone before us. History with that life and color — and many historians of the present day write histories which fulfil these conditions — history with that life and color cultivates the imagination as much and better than many of the best romances. When thus written, and when once the reader is fairly launched into it, history is as absorbing as a novel, and more amusing and interesting than many a tale. I will be quite candid with you. I am something of a novel-reader myself. I admit that I like reading a novel occasionally. The fact is, there is one difference between a novel and a history which is in favor of the former at the first start. In a history the first fifty pages are often intolerably dull, and it is the opening which, to use a familiar expression, chokes off half the readers. You generally have some preliminary description — of the state of Europe, for instance, or of the state of India, or the state of France, or some other country at a given time. You don't come to the main point — you don't come to what interests you at first sight; and thus many persons are frightened off before they thoroughly get into the book, and they throw aside a history, and characterize it as being very dull. Now, in a novel you very often begin to enjoy yourself at the very first page. Still, when I have taken up some interesting history — for instance, lately I have been reading Kave's "History of the Sepoy War" — and when I have got over the first few introductory pages, which are a little heavy, I say to myself, How is it possible that a man of sense can spend his time on reading novels when there are histories of this absorbing interest, which are so vastly more entertaining, so vastly more instructive, and so much better for the mind than any novel? Believe me, an intelligent and a systematic study of history contains a vast resource of interest and amusement to all those who will embark in it. Let me explain a little more. Histories, if you only deal with chronological details, you may possibly find to be exceedingly like "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" — very confusing, very uninteresting in themselves, only useful sometimes in enabling you to

know how to go from one period to another—to make an historical journey. Or you might compare these general surveys of history of which I was speaking to a skeleton map of a country of which you know very little. You see the towns noted down. They are but uninteresting spots on the map. They convey nothing to you; they don't interest you. But if you have travelled in that country, if you know the towns mentioned on the map, then you pore over the map with a very different interest. It gives you real personal pleasure; your mind and imagination recall the country itself. So you will find that the grand secret to enjoy history is to get beyond the outlines, to be thoroughly familiar with a particular period, to saturate yourselves with the facts, the events, the circumstances, and the personages which belong to a certain time in history. When you have done this, the men and women of that period become your personal friends; you take an intense delight in their society, and you experience a sense of pleasure equivalent to what is given by any novel. I heard yesterday an anecdote of a lady who had lived a great deal in political circles. She had received from a friend a book about Sir Thomas More. When she had read it, she wrote back and thanked the sender of the book, telling him with what delight she had perused it, and adding, "Sir Thomas More and Erasmus are particularly intimate friends of mine." She was so well acquainted with that period, that all that was written about it came home to her heart—she knew it, she had lived in it, and it had a living interest for her. That is the mode and manner in which I would recommend you to study history. Let me be more precise. I would not gallop through histories any more than I would through a country if I wanted to explore it. I would take a particular period, and read every book bearing on that particular period which my library supplied me, and which I had time to read. Then I would read the poets who had written in the same period. I should read the dramas relating to that period, and thus I should saturate myself with everything which was connected with it, and by that means I would acquire that power which I value, which I want you to have individually, and which I should like every English man and woman to have as far as they could, namely, the power of being able to live in other times and sympathize with other times, and to sympathize with persons and races and influences different from those amongst which we move.

And do not think that in such studies you lose your time. Are there fathers and mothers here who hold that it is a dangerous doctrine which I preach? If so, I hope I may be able to reassure them; for I hold that in all spheres and all classes culture of this kind is of the highest value, and that it does not disqualify, but the reverse, for business life. Amongst the wealthier classes of business men, I rejoice to think that prejudice against culture as being dangerous to business is rapidly dying out, and that a university education is no longer regarded with suspicion. "What do men learn at Oxford and Cambridge that will fit them for business?" was formerly often asked; but I do not think this question is put quite so often now. I will tell you what once occurred to myself in regard to this point. Some eight years ago I met a distinguished modern poet, calling at the same house where I was calling, and he asked, "What becomes of all the senior wranglers and of all the Oxford first-class men? One does not hear of them in after life." I ventured very modestly to say in reply that, not being a Cambridge man, I could not speak on behalf of Cambridge men; but as to Oxford I was able to inform him that eight of her first-class men were at that moment in her Majesty's Cabinet.

But you may say, "This is all very well for the *greater* affairs of life, but as regards the general rough-and-tumble of business life, why should you have this cultivation? Is it not dangerous, and does it not rather hamper a young man when he goes into business life?" Let me give you another instance on this point, and you will forgive me if it is somewhat of a personal character; but it may come home to some of the young men here more forcibly than the most eloquent generalization. My own father came over to England as a very young man, with one friend as young as himself, and with very little more money in his pocket than a great many of the students here, I dare say, possess; and he has told me, half in joke and half in earnest, that he was obliged to found a firm because he wrote such a bad hand that no one would take him for a clerk. But he was steeped to the lips in intellectual culture. In his father's house, as a boy, he had met all the great literary men of the best period of German literature. He had heard Schiller read his own plays. He had listened to the conversation of great thinkers and great poets. He was a good historian, an acute critic, well versed in literature, and a very good mu-

sician to boof. But did this stand in his way as a young man coming over to London with a view to found a business? Has it stood in his way of founding a firm of which I, as his son, am very proud? It did not stand in his way. On the contrary, it aided his success; and, with this before me, I hope you will say that I am able to speak with affectionate conviction of the fact that culture will not interfere with the due discharge of the duties of business men in any sphere of business life.

I will not add to what I have said about the great increase of happiness and amusement to be gained for your own leisure in after life if you follow the studies I have named. It is most certainly for your happiness and advantage; but you may remember that I used much stronger language than this. I said it was not only of advantage for the young themselves, but for the national advantage, that imaginative culture should be considered as one of the aims of education. I have still got to make this point good. Consider what are the duties of this country in which we live. Let me now take you away from Liverpool—away even from England—and ask you to look at our imperial duties—at our colonies, at our vast empire, at our foreign relations—and then I want you to ask yourselves whether it is important or not that Englishmen shall be able to realize to themselves what is not immediately around them, that they shall be able to transport themselves in imagination to other countries over which they rule. It is not sufficient for Englishmen to think only of their own surroundings. There was a time when the destinies of England used to be wielded by a few individual men, or by small coteries of trained statesmen. India was governed for years externally to the influence of public opinion. But that is past now. Public opinion is now stepping in; and, if public opinion steps in, I wish that public opinion to be properly trained. Why, even ministers for foreign affairs now declare that they wait the behests of the public, their employers, before they take any decided step. If public opinion assumes these responsibilities, again I say, "Let us look to the formation of that public opinion, and see that the young generation of Englishmen are trained properly for the discharge of these functions." Parliament is more and more sharing with the executive government of the country the duties of administration, and the press and the public are more and more sharing this duty with Parliament. Therefore you will understand the impor-

tance I attach to the training of the coming generation, not only in useful knowledge, but in all that they ought to know and ought to be able to feel and think when they are discharging imperial duties.

And, I ask, by what power can this result be better obtained than by the intelligent study of history and of modes of thought which lie beyond our own immediate range? It is no easy thing for democracies to rule wisely and satisfactorily self-governing colonies or subject races. Imagination, in its highest and broadest sense, is necessary for the noble discharge of imperial duties. The governing classes—and we are all governing classes now—should be able to represent to themselves absent things—all the impulses, and sympathies, and passions of other races different from themselves. To ignore this, to be narrow-minded, is a very great national danger. Narrow-mindedness lost us in times past the American colonies. Statesmen were not able to sympathize with, or throw themselves into, the position of these colonies; they could not represent to themselves absent things; and they thought that this England of ours, with what they learned here, was sufficient for their guidance in the discharge of their imperial duties. It is not enough. We must look beyond our own local surroundings. In the study of history you will also be able to meet the ignorance which may possibly prevail in many places with regard to our own history and our own colonial empire. What sentiment brings down a popular audience more thoroughly than when a great statesman or popular orator exclaims, "We are an historic people?" May I be permitted humbly to suggest that, if we are a great historic people, we may with advantage study and know our own history? May I ask that, if we are an historic people, we may take advantage of our history as a lesson for the future? and that, if we are an imperial people, we may also study and lay to heart and know the conditions of some of the races and the colonies over which we rule? I wonder how much many of us know of the way in which the Indian empire was originally won and maintained. I dare say some of you reproach me in your hearts, and say, "We know all about it;" and why? because everybody—at any rate, a great many people—have read the essays of Lord Macaulay on Clive and Warren Hastings; but if these two essays had not been written, I wonder how much would be

known of the history of India? I do not do wrong, then, I think, if I recommend the pupils of this Institute to push the study of our own national history, and to enter and throw themselves into that study with patriotism and alacrity. It is the duty of citizens to read and know their own past. I want to stimulate a habit of mind which is capable of apprehending and sympathizing with a state of things different from that which surrounds us.

I do not know whether it is an apocryphal story or not that a distinguished statesman once said that a page of the *Times* was more worth reading than the whole of "Thucydides." If that was ever said, I should reply, "No, a thousand times no." That sentiment embodies the very tone of mind against which I am contending. It means that it is important to give an exclusive study to that which is surrounding us, and that we have less to do with the great past. Yes, if our duty and our pleasure were to deal only with matters that lie around ourselves—if, for instance, in Parliament, we had only to pass gas and water bills, to improve tariffs, to deal with the material aspects of the present, and the growing resources which railroads and telegraphs bestow—then the hasty survey of passing events which the daily journals supply might be more useful to us than the history of an Athenian war, even though that history were written with spirit-stirring eloquence and patriotism, and were full of sound political reflections which remain true throughout eternal time. But if we have more to do than this, if we have not only to deal with Englishmen precisely like ourselves—if English public opinion and English statesmen have not only to deal with Englishmen who are registered at their birth by an English registrar-general, then vaccinated according to an English act of Parliament, and sent, under another English act of Parliament, through elementary schools, and dealt with for the remainder of their lives under English acts of Parliament; but if, besides, we have to deal with subject races who are more like the men described by Herodotus than average London or Liverpool men, then I hope you will understand how important it is that we should cultivate the capacity of understanding what others think and do, and so be able to lift ourselves beyond the ordinary range of daily life.

Men who know little of our previous history, and are feeble in their power to imagine—that is, to represent to themselves the situations and views of other

nations—are what I consider a dangerous element in the formation of public opinion. Those men are still more dangerous if, because they know very little, and because they are somewhat local and narrow-minded, they fancy themselves to be practical men. I am often frightened when, upon some great question, I hear a man say, "I am going to take a very business-like view of this question." It is almost as bad as when a man, upon some question of propriety, says he is going to look at it as a man of the world. I then always suspect the judgment he is going to give. When a man says, "I am going to look at a great question as a business man," it is ten to one he means, "I am not going to be gulled by any of your grand generalizations; I am not going to be misled by historical parallels, or seduced by any rhetorical phrases. I do not wish to be told what foreign nations are thinking of or are likely to do. I wish to judge of this as a sensible man of business. I know the effect such and such a line of policy will have on trade and on the funds, and that is enough for me." Now, I have sometimes hoped that I might have claimed myself to be a business man, or a business-like man; and most of you will consider yourselves the same; and I say that it is prostituting the name of "business-like" to confound it, as is often done, with a narrow-minded view of imperial questions. That is not business-like at all; it is very unbusiness-like. Call it by whatever name you will, whether narrow-mindedness or not, I consider that to judge from hand to mouth of all our great questions is a very dangerous tendency—a tendency which is fostered by ignorance of the great principles of human action, and of the former teaching of the history of the world. Again, you will think me very persistent. The study of history will correct these tendencies, and will mitigate the influence of any narrow-minded judgment of passing events. Some newspapers, for instance—I am speaking entirely hypothetically—often take alarm, and begin to think they ought to write down the power of England. They begin to minimize our power, and they say, "What can England do? Look at the size of our little island. Look at the statistical lists of our ships and guns, of our men and armies. What can we do? *After all*, we are very small in numbers." Again, I dislike a sentence which begins with "after all," because I know that when a man begins to say "after all" he means that he will not meet me on my own ground, but that he is going to

meet me on some other ground totally different from that which is the subject of our argument. Well, it is said, "After all, what can England do?" Now, I should like the public sometimes to be able, when it is asked "what can England do," to check this appeal to contemporary statistics by an intelligent recollection of the statistics of the past. I do not say that I want England to do anything, but I do not want it to be laid down that England *cannot* do anything. I rebel against this tendency of always writing down our own country, as if our powers were insufficient. Study history as I ask you, and you will be able to answer those who urge objections of this kind. Study the history of the past, and see what England has done at times when neither her population nor her wealth was such as it is at present, and you will wonder when it is said that England, "after all," is a small country.

How many of you in this room know what the population of this country was in the great Napoleonic times, when England took the lead, and when newspapers did not point to the size of the island and the smallness of the population as compared with the population of other countries? Our population at the present time is about thirty-three millions, probably more. The population of Great Britain in 1801, when the census was taken, including the armies serving abroad, was under eleven millions,* and I ask you to remember the historical lessons which that great time teaches. Remember what England, with that population, was enabled to do, and what weight her counsels had in Europe and throughout the world. To my mind, the teaching of history is this, that, notwithstanding Krupp guns and Palliser shells; notwithstanding Martini and Chassepot rifles; notwithstanding ironclads and torpedoes; notwithstanding field telegraphs and balloons; and notwithstanding that one great European power has lost her influence, and another great power has gained influence in Europe; notwithstanding all this, the teaching of history is that a great country of thirty-three millions of inhabitants, unsurpassed in wealth, has no business to depreciate her own power or minimize those great efforts which, if need be, but only if need be and if right be, she will venture to put forth.

But perhaps some of you may think that I have been wasting my pains. You may think that, though I have been pleading in

favor of the cultivation of the imagination amongst the English people, the results I aim at have been achieved to a very considerable extent already, and that we are highly imaginative because, as I admit, we are becoming a highly sentimental and susceptible people. I admit that it is very unfair on the part of foreigners continually to say, as they do say, that Englishmen are not prepared ever to make sacrifices for an idea. I consider that England, especially in late generations, has certainly been ready to make considerable sacrifices, not only on material grounds, but on moral grounds. For instance, take the abolition of the slave-trade. That was an effort which England made from the sincerest and purest motives of conviction and morality; but nearly all Continental writers disbelieve in the self-sacrificing nature of that great measure, and declare that we were guided by self-interest. They are entirely deceived. Where the country's feelings have been touched, we have again and again been willing to make considerable sacrifices, and we should again be prepared to make such sacrifices, in the cause of right and morality. But I do not admit that susceptibility and sentiment are at all equivalent to that imaginative capacity with which I have been dealing. I do not at all wish to stimulate further what I may call the susceptible side of English politics, because I think we have gone far enough in that direction. I prefer that manly and sturdy national character which I see written in many of the great histories I have recommended you to study, and I do not at all consider that the cultivation of the power of representing to yourselves absent things, and of being able to sympathize with and to understand the necessities of our colonies and of other countries, and to take generally that wider and broader view that I have recommended, are at all identical with the development of a sentimental character in politics—a tendency which I, for one, view with some alarm.

Well, now, I am afraid that I have taken you a very long way. I began with the nursery, and I am afraid I have launched you in the end into a very wide field indeed. I might have followed up my argument by showing the necessity, even for many serious domestic questions, of cultivating the faculty to which I have alluded. I might almost venture to say that a House of Commons without imagination would, to my mind, be a bad House of Commons and a dangerous House of Commons. A Church without imagination would be a

* The census of Ireland was not taken in 1801, so that the total population of Great Britain and Ireland at that date cannot be stated.

Church without life and without the power of retaining its hold upon its flocks. Imagination, in the sense which I have described, is necessary everywhere, and perhaps we have too little of it now in a great many departments of life; and I will tell you why. Because we are all too much oppressed with detail — because, in the study of detail, and in the study of useful knowledge, we frequently too much ignore and too much forget the broader lines of study, and the more important generalizations which neither statesmen nor electors, nor indeed any class, ought ever to lose sight of. And so I hope I have been justified, when addressing a great institution such as this, with two thousand students whom it trains — I hope I have been justified, not only in looking to the actual work which is being performed within your walls, but also in venturing to put before you certain general ideas as to the faculties which ought to be developed, and studies which ought to be pursued. And you will not think because I have mainly insisted on one particular line of thought, that I therefore ignore the immense importance of your other studies; I have simply thought it might be well on this occasion that the other side should be put forward for once, and that I might fairly make as strong a plea as I could for the cultivation of studies on which I, in my heart, believe so much depends. Full of this conviction, I confidently ask you all to apply yourselves to these studies, both at home, in this Institute, in your public libraries, by every available means. Once more let me say to you that a livelihood is not a life, and, believe me, if you devote yourselves to such studies — if you are able to cultivate that power which I have asked you to cultivate — you will find that it will make you better citizens, more ardent patriots, and better and happier men and women.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE EXPEDITION OF PHILIP II. TO ENGLAND.

BRIEF as was the connection of Philip II. of Spain with this country, his union with Mary Tudor having terminated with her death four years after their marriage, we cannot look back to that period of our history without feelings of more than ordinary interest, speculating perchance upon the fate of western Europe had England been added to the wide dominions and the

newly consolidated power of the Spanish monarchy. Strict as were the marriage articles in respect to Philip's own position in England, a son by Mary would, on the death of the ill-starred Infante Don Carlos, the issue of his first marriage, have inherited not only England but Spain, with all its vast dependencies. Public documents, the despatches of envoys, as well as private memorials and letters, have supplied ample details of the single and married life of Mary Tudor. Her short and clouded reign is familiar to us, while her character, her mode of life, and her singularly unattractive countenance, depicted by Moro with evident fidelity, are probably as well known to us as those of any other contemporary sovereign. Some additional details of the expedition and of the arrival of Philip in England, of the marriage ceremonies, and more especially of the temper and demeanor of her subjects at this period, details which often rise but little above the level of gossip, yet interesting as coming from contemporary Spaniards, have lately been placed within our reach by the Sociedad de los Bibliófilos Españoles of Madrid.

The voyage of Philip to our shores, the subject of the volume published by this literary and antiquarian society for the year 1877, and edited by the competent hand of Don Pascual de Gayangos, comprises an account of the expedition by one Andres Muñoz, as well as four letters by three other persons. The first portion of the publication, the "*Tratado*" of Muñoz, who seems to have been an attendant of the Infante Don Carlos, was compiled in Spain from information supplied to the writer by various correspondents, and was printed, in the year 1554, in Zaragoza. Long forgotten, a copy probably unique was lately discovered, and has now been reprinted with explanatory notes, the more necessary as, according to Señor de Gayangos, the author was no *doctor en letras*, his style being incorrect and the narrative at times obscure.

The "*Tratado*," or treatise, begins by describing the preparations for Philip's voyage to England, and the selection of the officials and domestics of the royal household, a numerous retinue, in accordance with the ceremonial of the house of Burgundy, which had lately been adopted by the Spanish court. Philip, in the provision made for those who were left behind, seems to have acted with a kindly consideration for his dependants not often attributed to him — at least by English writers. The mission of the Marques de

las Navas, who was sent in advance with presents of jewels to Mary, all of which Muñoz describes and appraises minutely, follows; and we then encounter a formidable catalogue of the gala dresses of Philip and his retinue, involving so copious a use of superlatives in describing their magnificence, that our more sober language would scarcely lend itself to a literal translation of this part of the work. More interesting are the names of the *mayordomos* and *camareros*, many of them the most conspicuous personages of the time; and we may feel an interest in the seven "salaried theologians," who were to constitute a council of conscience, and ultimately to aid in the restoration of England to the bosom of the Catholic Church.

After the enumeration of all these persons, a curious account is given of the entertainments provided by the Conde de Benavente in his town and castle of Benavente, on the river Esla, in Leon, for the Infante Don Carlos, then a boy nine years of age, who was there to meet and take leave of his father. The number and splendor of the apartments prepared for them are recorded in much the same style as the catalogue of dresses already alluded to, sumptuous banquets and an army of servants, all minutely described, attesting the magnificence and hospitality of the conde. Hunting during the day and fireworks at night seem to have occupied the time of the Infante, and on one occasion we find him amusing himself by fishing in the conde's garden, in a pond or tank, which is strangely described as being of the length of a horse's charge; the fish were abundant and large, and so well pleased was the child with his sport and with the garden that he begged the conde to accept the towns of Toro, Zamora, Aranda, and Simancas, a gift which was accepted with fitting gravity. Here, after a while, Philip joined his son, spending a few days with him, hunting and other diversions filling up their leisure time. During his stay a grand entertainment after the fashion of the time was prepared by the conde. Movable castles, an elephant constructed out of a live horse and other materials, griffins, and a galley were paraded before the company. The hospitable ingenuity of the conde must have been well-nigh exhausted, when he introduced a damsel stretched upon a bier making her plaint of the god of love, who followed blindfold upon a horse; on reaching an appointed spot he was suddenly hitched off by a cunningly arranged rope, discharging innumerable rockets as he

swung aloft, an incident which is recorded as having given great pleasure to all. Indeed, pyrotechny seems to have played a very prominent part, and to have concluded the display of almost every device which was introduced.

Philip leaving for Coruña, where he was to embark, the Infante grieved much at his departure, but the conde, ever mindful of the gentle duties of hospitality, provided a solace in the shape of an untamed cow, to which a quantity of fireworks were attached; these continued to explode for the space of half an hour. Here we might be tempted to descant upon the barbarism of a people who could, as the candor of Muñoz assures us, take pleasure in such a spectacle, but that unfortunately a recent historian reminds us that in 1730 the public of London was entertained by "a mad bull dressed with fireworks, and turned loose in a game place" (Lecky). In the respectable town of Stamford a bull was annually hunted in the streets as recently as 1825, the inhabitants, in accordance with a time-honored custom, providing themselves with instruments locally known as bull-clubs for his benefit. Self-complacency may well shrink from this branch of historical research.

Strangely in contrast with all the bygone splendor of Benavente are the words of a modern writer, who declares that this ancient stronghold of the powerful family of Pimentel, lords of Benavente, is now an insignificant ruin, inferior to many of the Welsh castles. He adds that a considerable portion of the walls is built of cob, or concrete, the town dull and poverty-stricken. Soon afterwards the Infante departed for Valladolid, not without ample expressions of gratitude to his host. In the mean time his father was journeying to Santiago, where he met the English ambassadors, Bedford and Fitzwaters, the bearers of the marriage contract, to which, in spite of its restraints upon his power and position in England, he gave his assent, repugnant as such a concession must have been to one brought up in the highest notions of kingly privilege. Burnet, in the "History of the Reformation," says that these articles were "so drawn by Gardiner as to exclude the Spaniards from any share of the government, which he intended to hold in his own hands." He adds that "the Spaniards were resolved to have the marriage on any terms, reckoning that if Philip were once in England he could easily enlarge his authority."

Philip pushed on again, and upon the 27th of June reached Coruña, where great

preparations had been made to welcome him, triumphal arches, royal arms, warlike effigies, and especially five nymphs, one of whom bore the following legend:—

Ni basta fuerza ni maña
Contra el príncipe de España.

Neither force nor guile can prevail against the prince of Spain.

Hercules, who is described as king of Spain, 1668 B.C., was also depicted, as indeed were many other wonderful things. Philip, having now reached the fleet which was to escort him to England, was received with much naval display. Immediately after his arrival the ship which had borne the Marques de las Navas to England came in with the tidings of the landing of the envoy, and of the preparations for the marriage at Winchester, which town Muñoz believed to be a seaport.

One hundred and fifty ships were now awaiting the prince's orders; everything was prepared, and a vast quantity of money, which was to make things pleasant in England, had been shipped. Already, according to Strype, "good store of Spanish gold had come over, and as the value of the Portugal pieces was doubtful, a proclamation was issued, May 4 (1554), to fix it."

That the supply was kept up we learn from Burnet, who says that in October, 1554, twenty cart-loads of bullion, and ninety-nine horse and two cart loads of coin were sent." This treasure arrived after the marriage, as Philip had "empowered his ambassadors and Gardiner to promise great sums to such as should promote his marriage." He was far too wary to adventure so great an amount of gold among the English people until their part of the bargain was completed. This profusion contrasts strongly with the want of money which constantly embarrassed the emperor Charles V., causing disaffection and mutiny amongst his troops at the crisis of many great enterprises. Two years later also, owing either to Philip's poverty or neglect, the emperor, when waiting at Jarandilla on his way to Yuste, was unable to discharge some of his servants for want of the first moiety of the pension for which he had stipulated on his abdication.

The last acts of Philip before embarking were marked by lavish bounty, "thus imitating," says Muñoz, "that most excellent and powerful grandee, Alexander of Macedon, of whose royal liberality such wonderful stories are told . . . and that glorious and illustrious doctor San Gregorio. . .

This saint having nothing left but a gold cup, bestowed it upon a poor man who sought alms of him." At last the day of departure came, the troops, the retinue, and the baggage were all on board, the weather was fine, and the wind fair, and on the 12th July, 1554, Philip left the shore in a state barge, and embarked in the ship of Martin de Bretendona. The grandees who had escorted him on board then took leave, and sought their respective vessels, all of which had been fitted out and decorated with especial magnificence; indeed, we are informed by Muñoz, "that even the sails were of an ornamental description, being painted with scenes from the life of Julius Cæsar, and other Roman emperors." Had it become necessary to take in a couple of reefs, the effect of these works of art would have been remarkable. The fleet did not weigh until three P.M. on the following day, Friday, July 13, when each ship firing two guns, they put to sea. The style of Muñoz now rises to enthusiasm as he describes the salutes and the music, and how the southerly wind and the swelling sails soon bore them out of sight amidst the acclamations of the multitudes on shore. When they got out to sea, he says, "the fleet sailing in close order, with the bands playing, seemed like one of the fairest and strongest cities in the world." Don Fernando Enriquez, the hereditary Admiral of Castille, held the nominal command of the main body of the fleet; in all, however, that related to the sea, the real command was intrusted to Don Alvaro de Bazan, father of that Marques de Santa Cruz who, thirty-four years later, commanded the Invincible Armada, dying, however, before it quitted the ports of Spain.

Muñoz tells us "that in four days and fourteen hours the fleet anchored in the port of Antona" (Southampton). As they left Coruña at three P.M. on Friday, July 13, and anchored early in the afternoon of Thursday, July 19, our author is a little at fault in his calculation. The actual time was six days, and the distance made good about five hundred and twenty miles. Taking into consideration the calms they fell in with in the Channel, the nature of the ships of the period, and the necessity of sailing in squadron—itself a cause of delay—for, as says that excellent seaman, Sir Richard Hawkins, in his "Observations," "commonly one ship though a bad sayler maketh more haste than a whole fleet"—considering all this, the average work of about ninety miles a day may be looked upon as sufficiently creditable, even

when compared with the performance of modern sailing vessels. According to Holinshed, Lord William Howard, the English admiral, met the Spanish fleet outside the Needles on Thursday, July 19. Muñoz, however, says that on entering Southampton water the prince was saluted by thirty ships, English and Flemish, which there awaited his arrival. He slept on board that night, landing the next day in the barge of the English admiral. As he stepped on shore English court officials delivered to him the insignia of the garter, placing a gold chain upon his neck, and the garter round his knee. A palace had been prepared for him in Southampton, which is described as a town of three hundred houses.

On the afternoon of the following Monday, the fourth day after his landing, he set out in heavy rain for Winchester, accompanied by a numerous retinue. Arriving within a mile of that town, he alighted at the Abbey of St. Cross, in order to dress himself for his public entry. Sallying forth again clad in a cloak of black velvet, and in breeches and doublet of white velvet, he was received with much ceremony at Winchester, the keys of which town were offered to him. He proceeded at once to the cathedral, where, "advancing into the interior of the cathedral, accompanied by the principal personages of the realm, by the grandees of Castille, and by many English knights and gentlemen, he went in procession to the high altar, where a curtained seat with a canopy of brocade, was prepared for him. The service was chanted with as great solemnity as in the cathedral of Toledo."

According to Holinshed, Mary had travelled from Bishop's Waltham to Winchester on the preceding Saturday, July 21. Her ladies travelled from Windsor in a wagon painted red, and covered with fine red cloth, the harness all of red leather. This vehicle, as Miss Strickland, quoting the order for its construction, says, must have surpassed the splendor of a modern wild-beast show. At ten o'clock on the night of his arrival in Winchester, Philip paid a private visit to the queen, so secret indeed as to escape the research of Holinshed, who says that his first visit was made on the following day. Private at it was, he was accompanied by some twenty grandees, among them Alva, Pescara, Feria, Hoorn, and Egmont, names to be heard of again in far different scenes in the time to come. Passing through the gardens of the episcopal palace, which had been prepared for the queen's reception,

the green lawns and flowing streams in all the glory of a midsummer night, suggesting to the Spaniards the scenes described in the books of chivalry, they reached a small door which led to the apartments where Mary, attended by Gardiner and some elderly magnates and ladies, awaited her hitherto unseen bridegroom. As he entered, she hurried forward to meet him, seizing him by the hand; he, however, putting all ceremony aside, kissed her, as, says Muñoz, is the custom here. They then conversed—he in Spanish, she in French—and we are told seemed to understand one another perfectly. Lord William Howard, the admiral, who is described as a man who would have his joke, said among his other pleasantries, "that well as they understood each other now, they would be far more intimate in four or five days."

After a while, Philip, who had had a long, wet ride and a fatiguing day, manifested a wish to retire to his lodging (the queen from some feeling of prudery not having allowed him rooms in the palace). Permission being granted after some little demur, he asked how he was to say "*buenas noches*" to the ladies of the court: this salutation, according to Muñoz, is correctly rendered into English by the words "God ni hit," which were then and there taught him by the queen. Forgetting his lesson before he reached the ladies, he was obliged to turn back when already in the middle of the hall to relearn it. This amused her Majesty very much, and so ended the evening of the first interview.

The next day, after dinner, Philip again visited the queen, who received him in an apartment called the room of "Poncia," probably thus named after an early Bishop of Winchester, John de Pontoise, who died A.D. 1304. Considering the treatment which English names meet with at the hands of the author, the resemblance in this case seems sufficiently close. This second visit being of a more ceremonious nature, the queen issued from her chamber, preceded by her ladies and by two kings-at-arms; retiring with Philip to another room, they remained a long time together, the Spanish attendants endeavoring with no very great success to converse with the ladies of the court. This evening, Figueroa, the regent of Naples, arrived with the investiture of that kingdom, an appointment which was intended to place Philip on a footing of equality with the queen of England. The following day, July 25, being the day of St.

James, the patron saint of Spain, the marriage ceremony was performed with great pomp. Two swords of state were borne before their Majesties by personages whom Muñoz calls the Condes of Puenburque and Arbinque, but whom Señor de Gayangos converts into the Earls of Pembroke and Derby. We are told that the latter could muster twenty thousand soldiers; and that, as king of a certain island (Man), he was entitled to wear a crown of lead. So strange an assertion invited inquiry as to the nature of the crown of the sovereigns of the Isle of Man. The courtesy of Mr. Goldsmith, honorary secretary of the Manx Society, has supplied the required information. He refers to Blundell's "History of the Isle of Man," written about 1650, and published in 1877.

The author, who was anxious to obtain information upon this very subject, says: "Neither of him (the governor) nor any other could I receive so much satisfaction as to be informed as to what fashion, or of what metal, the crown of the kings of Man was made of. Out of the isle I conferred with some who would seem antiquaries, that confidently affirm that the crown was of iron; which was not altogether improbable, for it hath not been in use in England itself from the beginning to crown their kings with diadems of gold." Then he goes on to say: "The crown wherewith the king of Man was crowned was of pure gold." Muñoz must have been either the victim of a deliberate hoax, or he mistook iron for lead.

The ladies who assisted at the marriage ceremonial looked, we are told, "rather like celestial angels than ordinary mortals." The religious fervor of Mary, who kept her eyes fixed on the crucifix during the whole of the marriage service, was very conspicuous. A banquet followed, at which the Bishop of Winchester was the only other guest admitted to the royal table. Philip was served upon silver, Mary on silver gilt; a manifestation of precedence which was introduced in order to mark the difference of rank, Philip not having yet been crowned king of Naples. The numerous guests were accommodated at other tables, according to their official position or rank, and a magnificent banquet was served with much stately ceremony. Between the banquet and the ball which followed it, the Spanish gentlemen endeavored to converse with the English ladies, an attempt which was, however, frustrated by mutual ignorance of each other's language. The Spaniards, we are told, determined that they would give

no presents — the phrase, which is not exactly in conformity with modern Spanish, is "*dar guantes*," to give gloves — until they were able to understand them. Those few gentlemen who could speak English are said to have approved of an arrangement which left them in possession of the field. The ball lasted three hours, the king and queen taking part in it, and dancing the *alemana*, an ancient Spanish dance, very gracefully, the English ladies being much pleased with Philip's performance. Strype, however, says that upon this occasion "the Spaniards were greatly out of countenance for their dancing, especially King Philip dancing with the queen, when they saw the Lord Bray and Mr. Carow, and others, far exceed them."

After supper, which was a repetition of the banquet, the king was escorted by the grandees to the apartment of the queen. The days which followed were spent in ceremonious festivities, and at this point it is well to remark that the narrative of Muñoz is wanting in much of the detail supplied by historians; and that, if closely scrutinized, it will be found occasionally deficient in accuracy. On the other hand, he records curious incidents not found elsewhere, but which bear the stamp of truthfulness.

He makes it a subject of complaint that none of the attendants brought by Philip were allowed to serve him, the queen having provided him with a complete household according to the use of Burgundy. These officials were determined not to bate a jot of their privileges or their duties, and even the guard which Philip brought with him from Spain was relieved of its functions, for the English, jealous of the presence of so many Spaniards, were determined not to allow them any footing in the country. The idle life which all these Spaniards led, says the author, was very disadvantageous to them; some indeed, harping upon their books of chivalry, soon to be solemnly condemned by the Cortés at Valladolid, and somewhat later to incur the more potent ridicule of Cervantes, declared that they would "rather be in the stubble fields of Toledo than in these gardens of Amadis."

A few days after the wedding their Majesties travelled towards London, the household coming in detachments, by reason of the want of sufficient accommodation upon the road. Here the narrative of Muñoz, of which but a very slight sketch is given, ends; but he devotes a few more sentences to a description of England, with the names of certain seaports on the south

coast. Hopeless confusion results from his wild treatment of names. Cabodoble, which Señor de Gayangos accepts as the Cape of Dover, and Antona, Southampton, are almost the only ones which can be recognized. As to such names as Asalania and Artania, the Island of Lucia, the Sorlingas, and others, even conjecture is out of the question.

This country, he says, was the scene of the fables of King Lisuarte and the Round Table, of Merlin and his prophecies. It was originally peopled by giants, but after the destruction of Troy, a certain captain, named Bruto, who came from that city, vanquished and expelled them. From this name of Bruto, he adds, came the word Britain. The country is rich and fertile, "and from it have sprung heroes of wisdom and understanding, devoted to and maintaining the faith of Jesus Christ; burning and slaying with the edge of the sword the enemies of the holy Catholic faith, and, by the light of their good works and doctrine, preaching the evangelical law of Christianity, as did the venerable Bede, and many others, his disciples, in England." He expresses a hope that, "in times to come, the subjects of the sovereign may imitate their predecessors, emulating their deeds, and by their example advancing the Christian faith." Some commonplace *villancicos*, or stanzas, in honor of the sovereigns, and redolent of flattery and fanaticism, conclude the work.

The "*Tratado*" of Muñoz is followed by four letters. The first of these, undated and without address, was written from Winchester during Philip's sojourn there to some one in Seville, and was printed in that city in 1554. The second, written from Richmond by a different hand, to a gentleman in Salamanca, completes the history of the expedition up to August 19, 1554; it belongs to a correspondence, the anterior part of which is missing. Another letter by the same writer, being the third of the present collection, was written from London Oct. 2, 1554. These two latter exist in MS. in the Escorial. The fourth and last letter, which was printed originally in Seville, and of which a copy is known to exist in the library of the Real Academia de la Historia, is addressed to the Condesa de Olivares, and, although undated, seems to have been written from London towards the end of 1554. Like the second and third, it is a fragment of a correspondence. It treats chiefly of the reception and conduct of Cardinal Pole. These four letters, says Señor de Gayangos, may be read as the complement of

the narrative of Muñoz, throwing some light upon difficulties which have been the despair of the editor, especially in the matter of English names. He instances Aron, Arandera, Rondela, as attempts to designate the Earl of Arundel; Arbin and Aruin for the Earl of Derby; Atingush, Roselo, and Pajete, for Hastings, Russell, and Paget. The strangest perversion of all, however, occurs in the outlandish name Previselo, in which his ingenuity has discovered the Lord Privy Seal.

The first letter commences with the embarkation of Philip at Coruña, adding little of importance to the narrative of Muñoz, except that on the night of the departure and during a portion of the following day there was a fresh wind and some sea, a serious matter to Philip, who was but an indifferent sailor. The English ambassadors, Bedford and Fitzwaters, who had met him at Santiago, seem to have been aware of this. Writing, in June, to the Council, they add in a postscript, "The prince is wont to be very sick upon the sea, and these seas that he shall pass over into England are much worse than the Levant where he hath been heretofore. Wherefore, doubtless, lest he and his nobility will be desirous to land at the next land they can come to in England (as all men in their cases will covet and desire the same), your lordships shall do very well to take order that some preparation be made at Plymouth, and so along the seacoast for him, if peradventure he shall land. Nevertheless," they bravely add, "we will do all that layeth in us to bring him to Southampton." It is unnecessary to extract from these letters that which has been already related by Muñoz respecting the sojourn at Southampton, the journey to Winchester, and the subsequent marriage. Describing the wedding banquet, the writer tells us that the table service was performed by Englishmen, except that Don Inigo de Mendoza, son of the Duke of Infantado, acted as cup-bearer to Philip. "Indeed," says he, "no one has so much as, dreamt of performing any duty, or of bearing his staff of office. . . . We might all well be banished as idle vagabonds." The ladies of the household do not meet with his approval. "They are tall, their waists are tightly girdled. As far as dress goes they look well. Their toilettes are after the French fashion; they would look much better if they followed the fashion of the young Spanish ladies. Very few are good-looking, but some," he naïvely adds, "are better than others." They spend their time in the ante-chamber, dancing

and conversing with those who visited them.

Friday, July 27, Fray Bartolomé de Miranda, in after times Archbishop of Toledo, said mass in the cathedral, an act which surprised and grieved some as much as it pleased others. The writer hopes that the goodness of the queen and her unceasing prayers may restore the country to Christianity and obedience to the Catholic Church.

Great rogues, he says, infest the highways; among other persons they had robbed the son of the Marques de Villena of four hundred crowns and all his plate; worse than this, however, four or five of Philip's own coffers were missing, in spite of the efforts of the Council to recover them. "It is well to be within doors before dark here; indeed, it is the usual practice."

Three days after the wedding, the Duchess of Alva, accompanied, as became a great lady of Spain, by many of the *grandees* and *caballeros*, "wearing a gown of black velvet with lace, and embroidered with black silk cord," came to visit the queen. As the wife of the *mayordomo mayor*, and as former hostess of Philip, who, on his first marriage in 1542, had brought his bride the Infanta of Portugal to the Alva palace in Salamanca, Mary received her with marked distinction, while the duchess on her part strove to render all homage to the queen. "She was standing, and on the duchess appearing she went from her dais almost to the door, where the duchess, kneeling, besought her to give her her hand; the queen, stooping down almost as low as the duchess, embraced her without giving her hand. Rising up, she kissed her mouth, as is the custom here with queens when receiving princesses of the blood royal only. Taking the duchess by the hand, she asked her how she had fared, and how she had borne the sea voyage, adding that she was delighted to see her. She then led her to the dais where there was a high chair; seating herself on the carpet she requested the duchess to take the chair. This she declined to do, beseeching the queen to take it.

"Two footstools, covered with brocade, were then brought in; the queen seated herself on the one nearest to the chair, bidding the duchess to take the other. She made a low reverence, and sat down on the ground at the queen's side, as is the English custom. Upon this the queen left the footstool, and sat by her on the carpet, refusing to rise.

"The duchess persisting in her refusal, the queen returned to the stool, ordering her to take the other, upon which the duchess then seated herself." And so this curious scene was brought to a close.

They then conversed together for a long time, the Marques de las Navas acting as interpreter, for though the queen understood Spanish she could not speak it. She managed, however, to say that it was hot, and other similar trifles. Being called away to receive certain ambassadors, she offered the use of her private apartment to the duchess, who, however, begged to remain with the ladies of the household. Presently she returned, and after a little more conversation the duchess departed to her lodging, which was at some distance, and to which she had to proceed, as the writer is particular in stating, on foot.

On Sunday, July 29, Philip and Mary dined in public, the Bishop of Winchester, the Marquis of Winchester, lord treasurer, with the Earls of Pembroke and Derby, forming the party at the royal table. The writer states, incidentally, that the incomes of the two latter did not exceed one thousand five hundred ducats. On the 31st the newly married couple, attended by a small retinue, took their departure, stopping the first night at the Basing House, a seat of the Marquis of Winchester.

The first letter ends here, and we proceed to the second, whose writer is more critical and piquant. He addresses a gentleman in Salamanca. He informs his correspondent that their Majesties are "*los mas bien casados del mundo*" — the best-matched pair in the world — "and more enamored of each other than I can well describe. His Highness never leaves the queen; on our journeys he is always at her side, he assists her to mount and dismount. At certain times he dines with her in public, and they attend mass together on feast-days." In a promiscuous manner he describes the queen as ugly, small, lean, pink and white complexion, no eyebrows, very pious, and very badly dressed. The writer was evidently no courtly chronicler, and his remarkable frankness tends to enhance the value of his narrative. The English ladies fail to please him. "All the women here wear under-petticoats of colored cloth, no silk. Their gowns are of damask or colored satin or velvet very badly made. Some wear shoes of velvet, but more commonly of leather. They wear black stockings, they show their legs sometimes even as far as the knee, at least when journeying, for their under-petticoats are short. When

walking, and even when seated, they look *deshonestas* — a word which may as well be left in the original. "They are not good-looking, and are not graceful when dancing; their dancing consists of constrained gestures and a shuffling gait. There is not a single Spanish gentleman who would give a farthing for any of them, and they care equally little for the Spaniards."

Time seems to have effected some improvement in this respect, as Jane Dormer, one of Mary's ladies, married Fería, one of Philip's companions, who as Duque de Fería was afterwards ambassador to England.

All the *fiestas* in this country, continues the writer, consist in eating and drinking, "for they understand no other mode of enjoying themselves." "The queen's table costs annually more than three hundred thousand ducats." All the household and very many official persons lived in the palace, each señor having his own cook in the queen's kitchen. "There are eighteen kitchens, and so great is the amount of work going on in each that it is in truth like an *Infierno*." The royal palaces are very large, and of the four which the writer had seen, the least was larger than the palace at Madrid. This comparison does not, of course, apply to the present magnificent building, but to the ancient Moorish Alcázar which formerly occupied the same site. "From eighty to one hundred sheep and about a dozen oxen, all very large and fat, are daily consumed in the palace. Also about eighteen calves, besides poultry, game, venison, and wild boar, and a vast quantity of rabbits." (Compare 1 Kings iv. 23.) "Beer is so abundant that the summer flow of the river of Valladolid is not greater than the quantity used daily." He complains that, large as the palace (Richmond) is, the Duke and Duchess of Alva were not provided with apartments, and so churlish were the people that with difficulty they found a house at all, and that none of the best, in a neighboring village. "Not only are they deprived of their official functions, but they are badly lodged besides." "The English," he continues, "hate us as they do the devil, and in that spirit they treat us. They cheat us in the town, and any one venturing to walk in the country is robbed. . . . Although the Council is quite aware of all this, it is tolerated. . . . In short, justice neither exists nor is administered, and there is no fear of God in the land." "They celebrate mass but seldom; few and unwilling are the hearers, although,

wherever the queen is, the services of the Church are fully observed, for she is saintly and Godfearing. As for ourselves, we can get no justice. His Majesty has enjoined us to dispute with no man, but rather while we are here to feign compliance and to submit in silence to all the ills we may have to encounter. The result is that they both treat us badly and despise us."

At this point he digresses to the capture of Rentz by the French, the news of which disaster caused a great commotion in Philip's suite, many of whom, both Spaniards and Flemings, obtained his permission to join the emperor with all haste. "It would be well that they should not return here considering how they have been treated." Coming back to English affairs, he is of opinion that the sovereign does not rule, all real power being assumed by the Council, "some of whom have made their fortunes and secured their position by means of the revenues which they have taken from the churches. . . . Others were born to high position; these are feared and worshipped even more than the sovereign." "They" — *i.e.* the Council — "have announced publicly that his Highness must not leave the kingdom without their permission and that of the queen, for that this kingdom by itself is a sufficient charge for any one king. . . . Considering what these English are, I am not surprised at this, because they have discovered the straits to which we are put in Flanders, rejoicing at them, and even wishing that they were worse. . . . They are in truth more for France than for Spain."

Reverting to a former grievance, he complains that no lodging is provided for the Spaniards, and that, living in the inns, they are charged exorbitantly. "As for the friars whom his Highness brought with him, they had better not have come, for as the English are malignant and ungodly, they so maltreat them that they dare not venture forth from their lodging." The mob endeavored to tear off the robes of Don Pedro de Córdova and of Don Antonio, his nephew, both commanders of a military order, asking them why they wore crosses, and scoffing at them.

"Doña Hierónima de Navarra and Doña Francisca de Córdova, who came here, have not yet seen the queen, and indeed will not see her. They have not been to court, as they would have no one to speak to, the ladies here being very unsociable." The Duchess of Alva, he believes, will not be persuaded to go a second time. He thinks the queen is soon going to move to another palace, called Anton Curti (Hamp-

ton Court), which is one of the largest and most beautiful of the royal residences. The palaces are all decorated with abundance of tapestry, the spoils of churches and monasteries. The crown, he says, has appropriated Church property to an amount double that of its own proper revenue. A year later, however, the queen, as is well known, attempted to surrender first-fruits and tenths to the pope. The legislature, deeply implicated in the plunder of Church property, rejected the bill, and restitution was limited to the transfer of the crown impropriations to the hands of Cardinal Pole. The letter concludes with the following passage: "The authors of '*Amadis de Gaul*' and of other similar books of chivalry depicting flowery meads and enchanted castles, ought to have seen the strange habits and customs of this country. Who in any other place ever saw women riding unattended, and managing their horses with all the ease of a skilful man? The houses built for pleasure, the hills, woods, and forests, the delightful meadows, the fair and strong castles, the refreshing springs so abundant in this country, are all very pleasant here in the summer season." The letter ends with the date of August 16, 1554.

The third letter of the series, which is short and unimportant, is by the same hand as the preceding one, and is written from London, October 2, 1554. It begins by announcing that the country had proved unhealthy to the Spaniards, and that some of the servants had died. Thanks to God, however, "*ninguno*" — no one — had been in danger. This strange expression seems to mean that none of the more important personages had suffered. The country itself, he says, is good enough, but the natives, "considering that they call themselves Christians, are about the vilest upon earth." There are daily cases of stabbing, and in the previous week three Englishmen and one Spaniard were hung for crimes of violence.

The queen's household is large, and comprises many of the principal personages of the realm. There are many ladies belonging to the court, all positively ugly. "I cannot understand why this should be," he says (surely not very difficult to guess), "for outside the palace I have seen some good looks and pretty faces."

"All the women wear their dresses very short, and most of them wear black stockings, neat and well-fitting. They wear their shoes slashed, as do the men. . . . We Spaniards are about as much at our ease with these English as we should be

with so many brute beasts; we neither understand them, nor they us, they are such barbarians."

He alludes to the queen's expectation of an heir, and says that the matter is much spoken of in the palace. These rumors did not, however, become serious until late in the following spring, when a Te Deum was actually sung in Norwich Cathedral for the birth of a son, and public rejoicings in London, and salutes from the shipping at Antwerp, welcomed the prince who, after all, was not to be.

Well might Philip be made to say, —

I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea,
So sick am I with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?
The nurses yawned, the cradle gaped, they led
Processions, chanted litanies, clashed their
bells,
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests
Have preached, the fools of this fair prince to
come,
Till by St. James I find myself the fool.*

The writer again complains of the thieves, who are, however, severely punished when caught. Indeed, he says that one day an Englishman was hanged for stealing fourteen-pence; he makes a calculation, and finds that the amount is only eighty-four maravedis. Yet all this severity was of no avail. The next grievance is that everything, more especially provisions, is so dear; the Spanish gentlemen find that they have to disburse by the hundred where they had hoped to make ten suffice. With a promise to keep his correspondent informed of what may happen, this short letter ends.

The fourth letter, which is entitled "News from England," is addressed to the Condesa de Olivares, and professes to give an account of the restoration of England to the Catholic faith and to obedience to the pope. It commences in the form of historical narrative, and relates how, as soon as Mary had succeeded to the throne, the pope despatched Cardinal Pole as legate to England. On reaching the emperor's court, and on hearing there of the turbulent disposition of the English, and of their unwillingness to render obedience to the pope, he gave out that he had come to Flanders in order to await a peace between the emperor and the king of France, abandoning for a time his journey to England. Upon this it was proposed in the Consistory

* Tennyson, "Queen Mary," act iii., scene 4.

to revoke his powers, as it seemed impossible to restore England to obedience. Philip, however, induced the pope to support Pole, and shortly after the Council was persuaded to invite him over to England. The Parliament which assembled in November asked permission of the sovereigns to discuss the question of his reception, "for in this Córtes nothing can be discussed without permission of the crown." This is the writer's version of what occurred, not entirely to be depended upon as regards strict historical accuracy.

Two Englishmen of distinction, whom the writer calls Mirol Pajete and Mirol Atingush — Lord Paget and Sir Edward Hastings — had already been dispatched to escort the cardinal, who arrived on the 24th November, disembarking at the river stairs of the palace of Whitehall. Philip, who was at dinner, rose from table at once, and hastened to welcome him, Mary remaining in the palace, and waiting to receive him on the principal staircase. As he approached she made a solemn reverence to the crucifix which he bore. After a brief interview he departed for Lambeth, which had been assigned to him as his lodging, its rightful occupant, Cranmer, who is described as "*casado y gran hereje*," — married, and a great heretic, — being then a prisoner. The next two or three days were spent in the frequent interchange of visits between Pole and the sovereigns, preliminary to negotiations with the Parliament. On the 29th November the debate was commenced in the House of Lords by the ecclesiastics, who were grievously taunted by the lay peers for having consented to the divorce of Katherine of Aragon. After a while, however, they came to an agreement, revoking all the statutes of Henry VIII. and his son, which had encouraged disobedience to the pope and belief in the "*maldita y detestable*" heresy of Luther. The next day, the festival of St. Andrew — which was ordered to be observed henceforth as the Feast of the Reconciliation, in memory of what occurred — a formal petition was presented by the Parliament to their Majesties, praying them, through the mediation of the cardinal, to procure absolution and pardon from the pope. This document enjoys the honor of having been done into verse by the laureate ("Queen Mary," act iii. sc. 3). Seldom, surely has such unpromising material undergone a similar process. The original is given in many historical works, and so graphic and picturesque an account of the arrival and reception of Pole is to be found in the

pages of Mr. Froude, that it seems a waste of time to follow any farther the meagre narrative of the Spanish writer.

He becomes more worthy of attention when, in concluding his letter, he describes a "*juego de cañas*," or tilting with reeds, which the Spaniards had prepared for the entertainment of the court. The performers, thirty of a side, were marshalled in troops of ten, each troop in a gorgeous and distinctive costume, and under the command of some grandee. Philip himself took a part, joining the company of Don Diego de Córdoba. After much ceremonious parading before the spectators, first by twos and then in a body, they went through the mock combat, fortunately, says the writer, without fall or any other disaster. The novelty of the performance rendered it especially gratifying to the spectators. In this letter, which concludes the work, there is little worthy of note, and nearly all that it treats of can be better read elsewhere. It is wanting in the curious gossip of its predecessors, and its comparative dulness is not atoned for by historical accuracy or merit.

Señor de Gayangos, in his prefatory notes, remarks that Muñoz and the other writers observe a discreet silence as to the private life and character of Philip; their writings being of a semi-official nature, and some of them destined for the press, they would hardly venture to criticise or disparage so exalted a personage. Of their exceeding candor, when they *did* dare to speak freely, we have a specimen in the description of Mary, and in their comments upon the English ladies. We learn, he says, from correspondence of a more private nature (references not confided to the reader) that the conduct of Philip while in England was by no means exemplary, but, on the contrary, "dissolute and licentious in the extreme." He then alludes to the scandal as to his relations with Isabel de Osorio. This latter affair appears prominently in an important historical document, the Vindication of William of Orange, addressed, in 1580, to the Confederate States of Holland, and afterwards circulated among the courts of Europe. After condemning the despotic temper of Philip, his tyranny in the Low Countries, and the cruelties sanctioned by him in Granada, Mexico, and Peru, he turns to his family affairs and accuses him of the murder of his third wife, Elizabeth de Valois — the beautiful Isabel de la Paz of the Spaniards. He declares, also, that at the time of Philip's first marriage

with the princess of Portugal, he was actually married to Isabel de Osorio, by whom he had two sons, Pedro and Bernardino. If this latter accusation be grounded on no better evidence than the former, he must so far be held innocent, for in spite of the assertions of the Prince of Orange, modern historians have satisfied themselves that Elizabeth died a natural death, if indeed in that age any death could be termed natural where the patient was abandoned to the care of Spanish physicians.

Here we take leave of the book and its hero. The short episode in Philip's life, when for a while he sacrificed himself to Mary Tudor and to political expediency, is soon about to close, and that England, which never loved him too well, will know him no more except as her bitterest foe. A long life chequered with light and shadow, with great victories and as great calamities, is before him. St. Quentin, Gravelines, and Lepanto are in the future, to be more than balanced by the loss of the Netherlands and the destruction of the Invincible Armada, the crowning disaster bringing desolation to well-nigh every family of Spain. Yet farther in the more distant future stands the grim shadow of the Escorial, and the narrow death-bed cell hard by the high altar of the central sanctuary. Here, fixing his eyes upon the cross, which through life he had thought to reverence by a career of bloodshed and deceit, he passed away, hated and feared of men.

And now, in the dimly lighted vaults of the Pantheon beneath, surrounded by the ashes of his kindred, a marble tomb, the show of every passing traveller, holds all that remains of Philip, king of Spain.

DUCIE.

From The Saturday Review.
HARD UP.

THE evil of a shortened income has a double sting when it is the result of any fault on the part of the sufferer; and it makes all the difference whether he is presented before the eyes of the world as a fool or a martyr. After a loss of money the loser's private meditations are apt to run in a very disagreeable channel. If he had or had not acted in such a manner, he reflects, this trouble might have been avoided; still more unpleasant are his contemplations when he knows that all would have been well if he had not been a

fool; and, worst of all, is his lot when a knowledge of this last fact is shared by the world in general. The depression consequent on self-reproach is almost a greater evil than the loss itself, and many sufferers condemn themselves to a sort of social outlawry without waiting for the verdict of the world. One very unpleasant consequence of a partial reverse of fortune is the necessary reduction of expenditure before domestics and dependents. There is a certain sulky satisfaction in making ostensible sacrifices in the eyes of friends and acquaintances; but the act of giving up horses, carriages, and other luxuries conveys no idea of heroism to the minds of servants. Perhaps the most painful accompaniment of an unfavorable balance-sheet consists in the duty of reducing the comforts, advantages, and pleasures of wives and children; but on so distressing a subject we will not linger. It must be understood that we are in no case referring to absolute ruin, but rather to inconvenient deficiencies in ways and means. There have been plenty of causes for such deficiencies during the last few years. A period of unnatural financial inflation has been suddenly followed by a severe fall in the prices of coal and iron, a ruinous depreciation in the value of foreign loans, and a general stagnation of trade. But, be the times good or bad, individual cases of serious loss are constantly occurring. Either the debts of an extravagant son have to be paid, or a lawsuit runs away with a few hundreds or thousands, or some sudden damage is done by fire or water, or a freak of quixotic liberality costs more than had been expected. There have often been disputes on the question whether one or another branch of expenditure is usually the first to be curtailed in cases of loss of income, and whether this or that article of luxury is most readily sacrificed. It has been argued that the stables are usually the earliest scene of reduction, while other disputants have maintained that autumn tours, Scotch shootings, or yachts are the first luxuries to be given up. Pictures, china, books, and wine have each been named as the special hobby most willingly renounced. We venture to think that the authorities in such matters have failed to notice the expenditure which, in by far the majority of instances, is really the first to be reduced. Unless we are greatly mistaken, ninety-nine people out of a hundred who have lost money cut down their charities before they make any other sacrifice. Next in order come those expenses which

are calculated to please and entertain other people rather than the spender; and thirdly, those personal luxuries which the impoverished person happens least to care about, be they china, horses, books, or anything else. It is sometimes curious to see how readily a man of artistic reputation and æsthetic taste will part with his collection of works of art, in which his whole soul has been generally supposed by his friends to have been completely absorbed. The most refined will usually let their old masters, their rare editions, and their Sèvres and Chelsea china be scattered to the four corners of the earth, rather than endure deteriorated dinners or drink inferior wine.

In its epidemic form, to be hard up is sometimes a sort of fashion. We have lived to see times when it has been considered what is termed "good form" to be a little impecunious. Whenever there is a sudden collapse of incomes in the fashionable world, the opportunity is seized by many people, who have in reality been hard up for years, to admit their neediness. They thus get off the more easily, as they are not singular in their adversity. If they have to reduce their display and lower their standard of entertainments, so have their neighbors. Again, some people who cannot be said to be really hard up are glad of an excuse for curtailing their expenditure. At such times we suspect that many men deceive their wives as well as the pub-

lic. The happy man who has married a charming and beautiful woman, with enlarged ideas as to "how things ought to be done," has sometimes occasion to hail with satisfaction such a catastrophe, for instance, as a fall in the value of foreign government securities. He has the merest trifle invested in stocks of this description, and their depreciation causes him no perceptible inconvenience, but he is able to say with truth that he has lost money in foreign bonds. He makes this an excuse for various economical proceedings, and thus a panic in foreign stocks becomes a source of actual wealth to him. It may happen, too, that an affectation of loss not only enables a person to save money, but also to obtain a certain *kudos*. There is really no end to the uses of adversity, real or imaginary, if the thing is judiciously managed. A false reputation of having lost money makes a man to a certain extent richer. Less will be expected of him in the way of entertainment and display, and the parson will let him off more cheaply in the matter of parochial subscriptions. He will have a golden opportunity of selling a house or a horse that he does not like, of getting rid of an overbearing upper servant, or even of breaking up his establishment altogether and enjoying an agreeable tour abroad. Indeed, one of the recognized forms of mendicancy in these latter days appears to be to spend the winter in the Mediterranean in a steam yacht.

AIR-FLUSHING.—By air-flushing is meant that process in ventilation whereby the atmosphere of a room is suddenly changed, and replaced by a volume of air direct from without. In houses this is brought about chiefly by the action of the windows, which are suddenly opened to admit of a deluge of the purer element. The advantages which follow this action of extraordinary ventilation are at all times most grateful, and it can be effected by the use of the ordinary sash window in the following manner. The window of a room has the top sash lowered and the bottom sash raised until the top and bottom rails of both the upper and lower sashes meet in the middle of the window, leaving a quarter space of the window open at the top, and the same at the bottom of the window aperture. As a rule, after this has been done, the cold air will rush in at the bottom opening, and find an exit at the top one. The clearing of the room is

quickened if the door be opened, and the staircase window as well, whereupon a direct sweep of air will take place. It is astonishing how pleasant the atmosphere of a room can be made by this simple proceeding, when, after a long sitting with an extra number of inmates, the ordinary ventilating media of the apartment have been overtaxed, and nothing can more readily restore a student who has been burning the midnight oil or, still worse, gas, in a close room, the ventilating arrangements of which are imperfect, than a resort once or twice during the evening to this simple cure. When the apartment has several windows, the process of air-flushing is very quickly performed, as one window is certain to act as an outlet; and when the room is pierced with window openings made opposite each other a very few moments will suffice to make the requisite change in the atmosphere.

Sanitary Record.